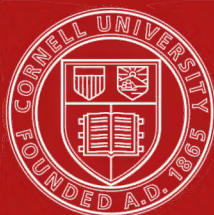


THE AMERICAN STAR SPEAKER



AND MODEL
ELOCUTIONIST



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THE
American Star Speaker
AND MODEL ELOCUTIONIST

A Manual of Vocal and Physical Culture, Elocution and Delsarte, based upon Scientific and Rational Principles, philosophically yet practically presented and fully illustrated with appropriate selections for Readings and Recitals, both Public and Private, embracing the Serious, Comic, Patriotic, Heroic, Sublime, Humorous, Descriptive, Didactic and the Ridiculous

SUITABLE FOR

Home, School, Church, Lodge, Club, Literary Societies and Public and Private Recitals with a variety of selections for use at all Holiday and Special Day Celebrations

By

CHARLES WALTER BROWN

ILLUSTRATED



CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

The need of better readers and speakers was never more urgent than now. Deficiency in expressive reading and effective speaking has been observed and deplored for years. Within the last score of years, schools of oratory, elocution, Delsarte, physical and vocal culture, and many institutions of less pretentious title have demonstrated the assertion that, "Good reading is attainable by the masses."

The day will never come when the memorizing and reciting of poems and choice prose efforts by our best writers and greatest orators will cease to be popular with our American youth. It is a part of our inheritance to preserve the utterances of the men and women who have, by their voice and pen, done much to advance the spirit of truth, heroism and patriotism—the chief characteristic of our American manhood and womanhood. This book, therefore, is presented to the public in obedience to that trite commercial maxim, "The demand will summon the supply."

The art of oratory is best acquired by the committing and delivery of *approved* examples of speeches and poems; hence the aspirant for great oratorical skill should count no labor lost that requires much study and practice of what *others* have written or delivered. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Patrick Henry, Burke, Phillips, Benton, Fox, Bryan and Sheridan, as well as the great orators of antiquity—Demosthenes, Cicero and Marc Antony, owed their wonderful elocutionary

powers to this practice, and he who would emulate their success must be willing to pay the price thereof.

It is believed that not only teachers and pupils, but those young men and women who have gone out into the work-a-day world to battle with life's fitful currents, will welcome a book that gives in a comprehensive and attractive form, so large a collection of excellent selections, many of which have never before appeared in print, while others are used by permission of publisher or author—all being suitable for delivery on all occasions. In addition to the half thousand or more choice readings, there is a brief, though practical treatise on the Science and Art of Elocution, Oratory and Rational Reading and Speaking, the essential features of which are based upon the more exhaustive authoritative works of the late Professor Isaac Hinton Brown—Common School Elocution and Oratory and Rational Elocution and Reading. Due acknowledgement is hereby made for matter extracted from these books and from lectures delivered by Prof. Brown before his classes in the University of Missouri.

To present the Science of Human Expression and Rational Reading and Speaking in a manner so simple, so concise and so reasonable that no student with average zeal, ability and native wit, would experience difficulty in comprehending and applying all fundamental principles, has been the aim of the authors. While an effort has been made to render the exposition free from technical and professional theories, every principle announced and enforced has been drawn from nature by the scientific researches of the foremost teachers and writers of Delsarte, Elocution, Vocal and Physical Culture of Europe and America.

The prominence given to the subject of Respiration is justified in the recognition of its three-fold relation to Elocution and Delsarte: First, energy and ease of expression are largely dependent upon a proper control of the respiratory

organs; secondly, the correct training of these organs in early life and their judicious exercise at all times, conduce to greater vigor of mind and body than is otherwise possible; and thirdly, the natural system of breathing during vocalization, reinforced by the teachings of science, has been found an almost absolute protection against all forms of lung and throat diseases. Consumption has been held to be incurable, but there are innumerable cases on record where a permanent cure has been effected by the judicious exercise of the vocal organs with accompanying gymnastic exercise, Delsarte and gesture.—C. W. B.

OUTLINE OF ELOCUTION, ORATORY, DELSARTE. ACTING AND EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

BY ISAAC HINTON BROWN,

Author of "Common School Elocution," "Rational Elocution," Etc.

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.	ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS.	
	I. Respiration.	- Abdominal. - Chest. - Dorsal. - Costal. - Waist. - Effusive. - Expulsive. - Explosive.
	II. Articulation.	- Vocals. - Subvocals. - Aspirates. - Consonants. - Diphthongs. - Orthoepy.
	III. Vocal Expression.	- Voice Culture. - Voice Preservation.
	IV. Action.	- Position. - Movements. - Gesture. - Facial Expression.
	V. Grouping.	- Emphasis. - Pauses. - Sentiment.
ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS.	VI. Original Discourse.	- The Six Parts. - Conversation. - Extemporaneous Speech.
	Qual-ity.	- Normal.... { Pure Tone. - Orotund. - Abnormal.. { Plaintive. - Pectoral. - Guttural. - Aspirate. - Nasal. - Falsetto.
	Force.....	- Subdued. - Moderate. - Full. - Sustained.
	Stress.....	- Radical. - Median. - Final. - Compound. - Thorough. - Intermittent.
	Pitch. { Concrete.	- Middle. - High. - Low.
	{ Discrete.	- Moderate. - Rapid. - Slow.
ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS.	Movement.....	- Medium. - Long. - Short.
	Quantity.....	- Upward. - Downward.
	Slides.....	- Quality. - Force. - Stress. - Pitch. - Movement.
	Waves.	
	Melody.	
	Slur.	
ACCIDENTAL ELEMENTS.	Em-phasis. { Absolute.	- Quality. - Force. - Stress. - Pitch. - Movement.
	{ Relative.	
	Cumula-tive.	
	Pauses.....	- Moderate. - Long. - Short.
	Cadence.	
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INTRODUCTION.

THE POWER OF SPEECH.

As an apostle of what has been facetiously termed a lost art, the author may be pardoned for advancing the claims of cultivated speech to a more general recognition among our people. That the people in general are deficient in their powers of vocal expression is an unpleasant comment upon our system of education; but if we attribute the vocal deficiency of the masses to the confessedly meager vocal drill in our common schools, how shall we account for the delinquency of many of our literary people whose vocal accomplishments are barely sufficient to render them intelligently entertaining upon such familiar topics as the current events? How many of this latter class can you name, of whom it may be said their words issue from their lips with that easy flowing and delightful continuity which implies not only a profusion and activity of thought, but a power and vigor of expression which rouses the listless ear and leads the sluggish and perhaps unwilling fancy through the realms of mental wonderland?

Of all the recognized professions none requires in its perfection so many and varied accomplishments as that of oratory. The public lecturer who leads the van in the march of science for the improvement of society, the states-

man who guards the nation's rights and shapes his country's destiny, the man of God who seeks to purify the human heart and save a fallen race—all must wield the wondrous power of speech.

The power to charm the heart and steal away the senses; to divert the mind from its own divisings and hold an audience in breathless spell as the orator paints the rosy tints of heavenly longings, or leads the imagination down through the labyrinths of wonderland, or depicts with lightning tongue and thunder tones the horrors of the doomed, comes not by nature, but by work, work, work. Whether this so-called gift be assisted by early efforts, as in the case of a Demosthenes declaiming over the sea-beat cliffs of Attica, or the harangues of a youthful Clay before a group of oxen, perfection in speech is attained only by frequent and long continued practice, based upon accurate observation and zealous study. The art of conveying thought in an easy, graceful and forceful manner should be held chiefest above all other accomplishments. The complete mastery of the principles of speech therefore, enables one not only to express his thoughts clearly and easily, but to so vivify and illuminate those thoughts that his hearers see, hear and feel the unquestioned truth of his argument.

The gift of reason to the human race derives its value from the gift of speech; but the speech of nature is so trammelled by habit and corrupted by association, that the promptings of our God-nature, as revealed in speech are practically ignored. If we go to nature and endeavor to apply her teachings to our expressions, we readily see that what we call "second nature" is simply habit—correctly or incorrectly formed. We should therefore cultivate pleasant tones and correct and distinct articulation.

It is a duty imposed at birth to make the best use of every talent of which we are possessed; it is equally a duty

to make ourselves as agreeable in our intercourse with our fellow creatures as our opportunities may permit. Politeness, coupled with an attractiveness of manner, is the passport which admits us to the favorable attention of our fellow men; but something more than suavity and outward polish is required to command the consideration and continued high respect of the world. The hermit, withdrawing to his forest cabin or mountain cavern, may with impunity lapse into uncouth barbarism and give expression to his aches and pains in rasping pectoral grunts, since no other being is to be attracted or delighted by his words and manners; but woe to him who seeks amid the social hive for human sympathy if he ignores his tones and speech.

With simply an allusion to those unconscious and silent impressions we make upon others, through the agency of learning, wisdom, valor, beauty or physical strength, and for which we are not always directly responsible, let us speak of the active, intelligent and volitional manifestation of speech—articulate speech, the preeminent characteristic of the God-imaged rational man—the creative gift in paradise, through which the creature first learned to praise his Maker, the deliverer of his imprisoned soul, whereby we trace our origin to one common fatherhood. Though this gift be oft abused, who would wish the power of speech abridged? Who would willingly forego the social chat, the sweet commune of kindred spirits, the words of cheer, of love, of hope, and all that makes life dear to faithful hearts? 'Tis the loved one's speech that falls upon our infant ears from lips that press our own in ecstasy of mother-love? In time the same fond lips prepare our own to frame the sweet "Mamma," and later on as we cast adrift from youths' maternal moorings, the charm of words from other lips than those we loved erstwhile, now steals upon our senses and holds us willing captives at the shrine of love's first offering. What

rapture fills the soul at sound of those fond words which breathe the innocence of paradise, the sanctity of Heaven !

The absence of that elegant court culture in Dr. Franklin, regarded as indispensable to a minister, at the court of kings was entirely forgotten, while the ear reveled in the seductive tones of a voice attuned to reach the hearts of those who had favors to bestow. The magical power of Henry Clay's voice, cultivated by years of patient study and intelligent practice, was little less potent than the logic of the arguments in persuasion or conviction. The orator, whether in legislative halls, on the rostrum, or in the pulpit, must look well to his tones and speech if he would emulate the success of those masters whose individuality has left behind them imperishable fame.

The conditions of success in the finished orator lie as much in the management of the voice and method of delivery as in the sentiments uttered, for our tones and manners leave their impress upon those with whom we mingle long after the words we utter have been forgotten and we have passed to the shadowy realms of the echoless shore.

THE
AMERICAN STAR SPEAKER
AND MODEL ELOCUTIONIST.

ELOCUTION is the art of conveying thought, sentiment and emotion in the most natural and effective manner.

ITS PURPOSE—The complete mastery of its principles enables the speaker not only to express his thoughts clearly and easily, but to so vivify and illuminate those thoughts that his hearers see, hear and *feel* the unquestioned truth of his statements.

Correct elecutionary training has for its further object the complete subordination of the physical being to the service of the mind and spirit, *thought* being the product of the inner *spiritual* man and *speech* and *gesture* its natural outlet through the exterior, or *physical* man.

ITS VALUE—Its study and systematic practice, *based upon principles of nature*, make the voice clear, strong, flexible and melodious, and give to the body and limbs a pliancy, vigor and harmony of motion that render the position and action of the speaker or reader at once graceful, natural and impressive.

HOW ACQUIRED—The greatest excellence in Elocution is attained by study, practice, observation and criticism. The

**DEFIANCE.**

Defy the devil; consider he is the enemy of mankind.

**REJECTING.**

Sir, if this were my last breath I would deny these infamous charges!

student should master the principles by study and at once test their application by practice. He should closely observe the expression of reputed good readers and speakers—noting the points of excellence and deficiency which characterize their delivery; he should frequently submit his own exercises to the criticism of friends and teachers and make notes of these criticisms that they may not again be needed. But one thing must be kept constantly in mind: No amount of instruction and criticism will compensate for a meager drill. The highest excellence in reading or speaking requires

the same conditions as music, painting and poetry—Practice.
PRACTICE, PRACTICE.

REQUIREMENTS OF GOOD ELOCUTION.

1. A full and free respiration.
2. A correct pronunciation.
3. A correct and distinct articulation.
4. A thorough knowledge and perfect control of all the elements of vocal expression.
5. Complete control of every muscle of the face, hands, feet and body.
6. A thorough understanding and appreciation of the thought to be expressed.
7. Perfect self-possession before an audience.

THE BENEFITS OF ELOCUTION.

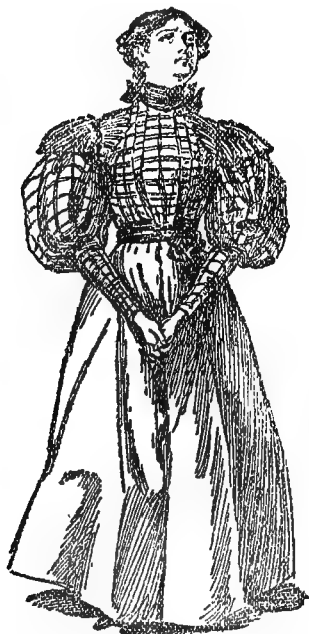
1. It cultivates the taste and judgment.
2. It cultivates the entire physical system.
3. It quickens perception and apprehension.
4. It imparts grace of movement and attitude.
5. It develops a strong will and self-possession.
6. It strengthens the conception and imagination.
7. It strengthens the lungs and respiratory muscles.
8. It gives to the voice purity, power and flexibility.
9. It develops vigor of mind and buoyancy of spirit.
10. It protects from bronchial and pulmonary afflictions.
11. It prepares the student for the successful prosecution of business in every phase of life.

WHO SHOULD STUDY ELOCUTION.

1. All general students.
2. Every student of law.

**PROTECTING—SOOTHING.**

Boy! Harold! Safely rest;
 enjoy the honey-dew
 of slumber.

**ANGUISH.**

My cup with anguish is filled,
 From nettles sharp and death
 distilled!

3. Those preparing for general business.
4. All who are preparing for the ministry.
5. The instructor in whatever art or science.
6. The Public Lecturer, Reader and Speaker.
7. Persons with defective speech, unpleasant voice or ungainly movements.
8. Persons afflicted with lung and bronchial troubles, huskiness and chronic hoarseness.
9. All who would move through life with the least possible friction and attain the greatest success.

READING.

READING, says Professor Brown, is the most important branch taught in our schools. It is the key to nearly all the other subjects with which the student and future citizen has to deal. His success in mastering the concomitant branches and, indeed, nearly every art, science and avocation, depends upon the skill he secures at an early age in interpreting, assimilating and retaining the thoughts of others, as presented upon the written or printed page.

The ability to apprehend the wit, the fun, the hidden wisdom beneath the author's words, to grasp the central thought, to group the lights and shades which modify or ornament the worded picture, with the quickness of intuition, must all be acquired in early life. But to scan the printed page in silence and note in mental concepts the author's woven thoughts is not all there is of reading; nor can the skill by which the thoughts are grasped be attained alone by silent reading. Months and years must be given to the vocal utterances of written sentences, under the guidance of the skillful teachers, before the child can adapt the written words to his untrained comprehension. Silent and audible reading are mutually dependent; the highest excellence in either is acquired largely through the practice of the other.

RESPIRATION.

RESPIRATION or breathing is the act of taking air into the lungs and expelling it from them. As an art, respiration involves processes whose mastery by the student is of paramount importance: INSPIRATION, EXPIRATION and MANAGEMENT.

Few persons realize how great is the influence of respiration upon the growing life of a human being. Notwithstanding the teachings of our text books and the warnings

**DISPERSION.**

Spain's proud fleet was scattered
to the winds!

**REMORSE.**

A thoughtless, wicked
deed; it stings sharper
than a serpent's tooth.

of popular writers and lecturers, many parents and even teachers remain indifferent to the pernicious habits of breathing acquired by children during school life.

Vigor of mind and body is dependent so largely upon a copious supply of pure air inhaled with reference to time and manner, that no system of education can be successfully carried out unless provision is made for the most complete respiration of the lungs.

It is a fact well established in pathology that functional derangements originating in colds, attack the weakest organs

of the body. The properly trained singer and speaker are rarely hoarse. Exemption from throat and lung troubles among professional orators and singers is due to the skillful use of every organ involved in respiration, speech and song. The public speaker or singer who excuses his performance by confessing hoarseness thereby acknowledges his ignorance and violation of one of nature's simplest laws.

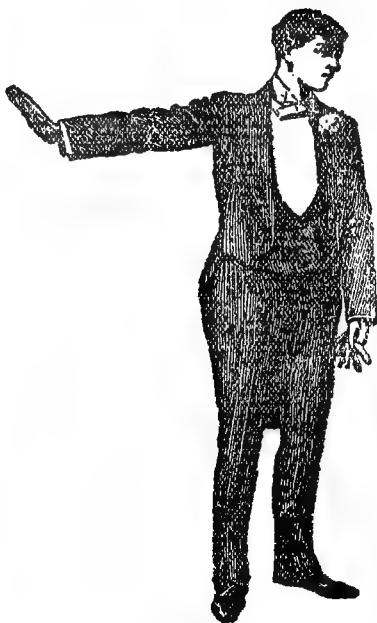
If the teacher or student be disposed to ignore the hygienic value of correct breathing, he is reminded that the highest form of human utterance, whether aspirated or vocalized in speech, or intonated in measured harmony, is based upon the most intelligent command and use of the respiratory apparatus. The stuttering, gasping, incoherent, flighty, jerky or impetuous speech one sometimes hears from a novice in the art of public speaking or singing, is not traceable alone to inexperience, but, in most cases, to nervous embarrassment caused by imperfect respiration.

It may be further stated that a larger part of the training course prescribed for orators and singers in professional schools is devoted to securing command over the breath in speech and song; and that the heart-reaching, soul-stirring rendition of those sublime passages which have in ages past moved the stoic to action and the sage to tears, can be reproduced only, after all other conditions are presented, by that perfect adaption of breath to the moulding of words that live, and burn and glow—melting the heart to tears, filling the ear with rapture and illuminating the soul with celestial light, until the very air seems filled with seraphic melodies of intelligences divine.

Every muscle of the waist, chest, ribs, axilla, back and loins must be brought into action, and trained by intelligent and persistent practice to perform its function. It will take several months—even years, with older students—to accustom all the muscles to act automatically and effectively.

**SIGNALLING.**

There stood Count Wagstaff
beckoning.

**TENDER—REJECTION.**

It has come at last; I
must say, No!

The mind must superintend the effort—must constantly realize the importance of the exercise. The expense of time and attention will pay. It will pay in an increased brilliancy of intellect, happiness of temper and buoyancy of spirit. It is the deep, full, vigorous breathers that possess the most vigorous hearts, minds and bodies.

METHODS OF BREATHING.

While the ordinary methods of breathing are sufficient for the individual of vigorous outdoor pursuits, they are not sufficient for the scholar and man of thought engaged in

sedentary pursuits. With these the stimulus generated by bodily action is wanting to induce the deep inspirations peculiar to the active man of outdoor life. The thinker within his closet, the artist at his easel, the artisan at his table and the pupil at his desk, require a constant reinforcement of mental energy. Much more than any of these does the orator, lecturer and public reader demand the recuperative agency of a perfect respiration. The requirement can be filled only by the inhalation of the abundance of the vitalizing oxygen contained in pure air, and art must be called in to properly supply and distribute the regenerative fluid.

GESTURE.

Gesture includes all positions and motions of the head, face and limbs, employed to enforce or illustrate an idea, emotion, or passion.

ITS IMPORTANCE—Gesture is the visible language of the inner life. It portrays to the eye the workings of the mind, the affections of the heart, and the varying passions and emotions of the soul. It is as intelligible to the savage as to the most enlightened. Entire plays are presented in pantomime and are understood by observers as well as by the players themselves. It gives to the eye what the ear often fails to receive, and thus attracts and holds the attention much more effectually than do words alone.

He who would successfully appeal to all the senses of his audience—hold the eye, the heart, the soul; summon the approving smile, the sympathetic tear, the rapturous applause; sway the multitudes, lull them into complacency, or move them to immediate action—must cultivate and skillfully employ this universal language of nature.

**DISCERNING.**

A sail, ho! a dim speck on the horizon.

INVOCATION.

Angels and ministers of grace, defenders.

KINDS OF GESTURE.

All gestures may be classed as *Emphatic*, *Illustrative* and *Locative*.

EMPHATIC GESTURE intensifies assertions by the application of greater force to emphatic words; as, "I will *force* him to the deed."

ILLUSTRATIVE GESTURE shows the manner, means, degree, appearance, or effect; as, "Ye gods, *withhold* your wrath."

LOCATIVE GESTURE designates the position, direction or place; as, "Look not in the *past* for hope."

REQUISITES OF GESTURE.

The requisites of gesture are *Grace, Variety, Simplicity, Boldness, Energy, Precision, Emphasis* and *Propriety*. These must be in harmony with the accompanying vocal expressions.

INITIAL MOVEMENTS.

The entrance or first appearance of the speaker before the audience is a critical moment. Impressions are then made which often affect his entire subsequent performance.

THE WALK—The walk is the mirror of character. Through it the artist reads the very thoughts the performer would conceal, and though we can change our walk only as we change the temperament that walk portrays, we can by practice secure a style of motion that will occasion no unfavorable comment.

DIRECTIONS—Stand erect; summon the most animated thoughts; assume “active chest”; imagine yourself drawn forward by a force acting about the waist; preserve a perfect poise—the head well balanced, the chin neither projected nor retracted.

Lift one thigh forward, the lower leg and foot hanging loosely and *straighten the knee*, as the foot is planted as nearly flat as the *high* heel will permit. Follow with the other limb in the same manner, observing that the chest is full, the unseen power acting at the waist and the knee straightening as the foot strikes the floor,

THE BOW—Standing in the First Position (see Positions), after a momentary look into the eyes of the audience, bring the right foot back so as to assume Second Position, bend the body and head slightly and directly forward. In the retiring bow, as the body bends forward bring the right toe to the heel of the left foot, the right knee bent and pressed firmly against the back of the left knee. Step to the left with the left foot and retire.

**EXALTATION.**

Washington is in the clear,
upper sky.

**SECRECY.**

Be mute, be secret as the
grave.

ATTITUDES—The disposition of the entire figure, when at rest, is important, and should receive careful attention. Every posture assumed by the speaker is significant. These should be easy, graceful and flexible, but, above all, they must be in harmony with the prevailing sentiment.

HEAD, BODY, HANDS AND FEET—Stand erect, chest full, head evenly poised, the arms hanging easily at the sides, or one arm at the waist; weight at first supported mainly on both feet, one of which should be a little in advance of the other. Keep the knees well stiffened, and be prepared to make changes naturally and gracefully.

THE FOUR POSITIONS.

I. UNEMOTIONAL—FIRST POSITION.—Support the weight of the body mainly on the *left* foot. Advance the *right* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees and in such a position that the *right* heel is from *two* to *four* inches in front of hollow of the *left* foot.

SECOND POSITION.—Support the weight of the body mainly on the *right* foot. Advance the *left* foot obliquely at an angle of eighty degrees, and in such a position that the *left* heel is from two to four inches in front of the hollow of the right foot.

II. EMOTIONAL—THIRD POSITION.—From either the first or second position move the right foot obliquely forward a short step, the feet remaining at the same angle. Support the body on the *right* foot and turn the left so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *left* heel slightly, and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the inside ball of the *left* foot.

FOURTH POSITION.—From either the first or second position, move the *left* foot obliquely forward a short step, the feet remaining at the same angle. Support the body on the *left* foot and turn the *right* so that the feet form an obtuse angle; raise the *right* heel slightly and balance the body, which is thrown a little forward, with the inside ball of the *right* foot.

CHANGES OF POSITION.—In the delivery of unemotional thought there should be few changes, and all movements should be performed within a limited space. In the expression of emotional thought and heated passion, changes of position and greater freedom of movement are permissible; yet even here, the speaker must confine himself within the bounds of propriety. The impetuous, headlong and boisterous plunges up and down the platform suggest not strength and vigorous emotion under the control of a power-

**DECLARING.**

I speak the truth, I dare to
speak it.

ANNOUNCING.

We proclaim the liberty that
God gave when He
gave us life.

ful reserve force, but weakness, and instability. Never move until the *occasion* impels you to do so.

POSITION OF THE HEAD.—The head is presumed to guide the motions of the body, and should be so held as to command the respect of an audience.

Its various positions foreshadow the thought before it is expressed. An erect position of the head suggests confidence, dignity and honor; thrown back, humor, pride or vanity; inclined forward, humility and grief; inclined aside, languor: while a tossing motion implies contempt and anger.

POSITION OF THE HANDS.

The various positions assumed by the hands are highly significant, and should be thoughtfully studied.

In repose the hands should be a model of grace; the forefinger should be gently extended, the thumb extended and nearly parallel with the first finger, the second finger slightly curved, the third finger, forming a semi-circle. Study the attitudes of statuary and adapt your positions to those models that are regarded as specimens of the highest art.

The hand is said to be *supine* when open, fingers relaxed and palm upward, indicating *entreaty, appeal, light, joyous emotions* and *general description*.

It is *prone* when open, fingers extended and palm downward; used in *denial, degradation* and *concealment*.

It is *vertical* when open, fingers extended and palm outward; used in *repelling, disgust, abhorrence*, warding off and *defining a limit*.

It is *clenched* when tightly closed; used in *anger, defiance* and *threatening*.

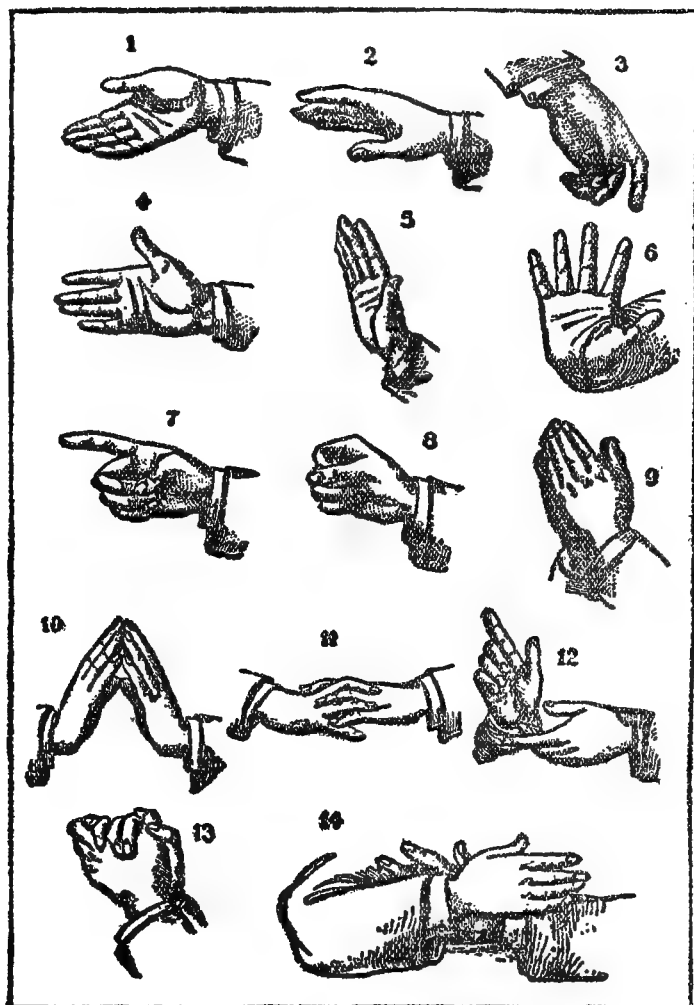
It is *pointing* when loosely closed, forefinger and thumb uppermost and extended; used in *pointing* and *designating*.

It is *clasped, applied, folded, crossed, enumerating, touching*, when used in *description* and *designation*.

DIRECTION OF MOVEMENT.

Before attempting any of the following exercises in gesture with the hands, the pupil should become familiar with the various terms used in indicating direction and the significance of such direction:

FRONT—Indicating *personality, directness, futurity, unity*. Gestures made directly before the body are termed "front."



CORRECT POSITION OF THE HANDS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. SUPINE—Simple Affirmative. | 8. CLENCHED—Determination or Anger. |
| 2. PRONE—Emphatic Declaration. | 9. SUPPLICATION. |
| 3. APATHY OR PROSTRATION. | 10. GENTLE ENTREATY. |
| 4. ENERGY, APPEAL. | 11. CARELESSNESS. |
| 5. VERTICAL—Negative or Denial. | 12. ARGUMENTATION. |
| 6. VIOLENT REPULSION. | 13. EARNEST ENTREATY. |
| 7. INDEXING AND CAUTIONING. | 14. RESIGNATION. |

EXTENDED—Indicating *vastness in space, time, quantity or idea*. Gestures made direct from the speaker's side are termed "extended."

OBLIQUE—Indicating a *general idea or assertion, indefiniteness*. Gestures made between the "front" and "extended" are called "oblique."

BACKWARD—Expressive of *remoteness of time or space*. Gestures back of the "extended" are called "backward."

DESCENDING—Expressing *determination or emphasis*. Gestures made below the horizontal line of the chest are called "descending."

HORIZONTAL—Pertaining to the *intellect*. Gestures made by extending the hand and arm in a line horizontal to the chest (whether front, oblique, to the side or backward) are called "horizontal."

ASCENDING—Alluding to the *ideal or imagination*. Gestures made above the horizontal are termed "ascending."

ICTUS OF GESTURE.—The ictus of gesture is applied to the accented syllable of the word with which it is used.

BOTH HANDS.—Both hands are often used, making the same motions, to give greater *breadth of thought, broader expanse, and more intensity of motion*.

ARM MOTIONS.—To secure facility and grace of gesture, a short preliminary exercise, employing both arms simultaneously, is of great advantage. Every exercise in gesture should be preceded by several whole arm movement combinations, the nature of which will be suggested after the following description of an exercise the author has used most advantageously with students.

DIRECTION FOR ARM MOVEMENTS.

Take the first position, *active chest*. Let the arms and hands hang naturally, the little fingers just touching the

**SILENCE.**

There was silence, deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath.

**REPULSION.**

Back to thy punishment, false
fugitive, and to thy
speed add wings.

sides. Raise both the arms, bringing the hands toward each other in front, near the body and slightly turning them so that the forefingers just touch by the time the hands meet at the waist; continue raising the hands, fingers relaxed and slightly curved, palms gradually turning inward, until the chin is reached, when the fingers gradually extend. From this point the hands separate, the whole arms sweep through a graceful curve downward and backward through the horizontal, oblique and extended directions; the palms at first upward, gradually turn inward, then downward. when the

arms curve and the hands are brought again together at the waist as when raised from the sides in the initial motion. This movement is to be repeated many times until familiar, after which others can be developed from it, which will be of great service in imparting ease and grace to gesture.

MODE OF GESTURE.

The grace of gesture is expressed in the *compound curve*, sometimes called "Hogarth's line of beauty." The motion of the arm originates in the shoulder, is then transmitted to the arm, and forearm, whence the hand and the fingers receive the impulse and both gradually curving as the arm is raised until the chest (on the side opposite the arm employed) is reached, when the arms, hands and fingers *unbend* and reach full extension at the ictus.

The curve of arm gesture, expressive of pleasing, tranquil and serious thought, and employed in narration, description and argument, is beautifully illustrated in the varied motions that may be described with a flexible willow twig.

The direction of motion in the gesture of violent passion and uncontrollable excitement, whether occasioned by anger, fright or joy, is best illustrated in the angular flash of the falling thunderbolt.

From these illustrations the learner will readily infer the the character of gesture required when he has determined the sentiment contained in the composition.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.

FACIAL EXPRESSION is the adaptation of the countenance to the sentiment to be expressed.

Of the face Quintilian has said: "The face is the dominant power of expression. With this we supplicate; with this we threaten: with this we soothe; with this we mourn; with this we rejoice; with this we triumph; with this we

**WONDERMENT.**

While the dance was the merriest
the door opened and
there stood the parson.

**INDECISION.**

Shall I take back my promise?
'Twill but expose me
to contempt.

make our submissions; upon this the audience hang; upon this they keep their eye fixed; this they examine and study even before a word is spoken."

The effect of the vocal delivery is so much heightened by a sympathetic expression of the face, that the student of elocution, whether preparing for the stage, rostrum, bar, or pulpit, should on no account neglect this important aid to his delivery.

While much preliminary training in this department of expression is necessary, in its application the student must

first feel the sentiment to be uttered, then the appropriate facial expression will follow. Beware of useless facial contortions; they are not only inappropriate, they are disfiguring and repulsive.

EXPRESSION OF THE EYES.

The eye is the most expressive of all the features. It is here the mysterious workings of the mind are imaged forth in unmistakable language before the tongue moves in obedience to the will.

From it the soul looks forth and communes with kindred spirits. The expectant child reads in its mother's eye the answer to its wish. The stricken heart, unable to bear the burden, sends forth its mute appeals for human sympathy through eyes that tell the inward sorrow.

But while philosophers and poets have combined in praise of the wondrous beauty, variety and expressiveness of the eye, to the orator, it has peculiar interest which he cannot ignore. It is not simply a means of expression, but to the speaker it is an instrument of control second to no other agency of oratorical power. The speaker who looks directly into the eyes of his audience holds them beyond their power of escape. Every person present feels the magnetic influence of the speaker and fancies himself the particular person addressed.

The failure to use this wonderful power explains why so many desultory speakers and manuscript readers do not secure attention and move their audiences to thought and action. If you must use a manuscript, acquire the habit of looking away from it at times and into the eyes of your hearers.

GENERAL HINTS UPON GESTURE.

“Suit the action to the word and the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature.”

**GRIEF.**

O, by weeping could I heal
my sorrow.

**GLADNESS.**

No pen, no tongue, can summon
power
To tell the transports of that
hour.

Be definite and decided in your action. Decision of gesture is more important than grace; combine the two.

In shifting from one foot to the other avoid dropping either hip or shoulder.

Though appropriate gesture is pleasing to the eye and greatly assists the hearer in comprehending the thought, the pupil is reminded that too little gesture is better than a continuous or even frequent sawing of the air.

During the action of gesture the arm should be kept moving all the time—rarely stationary for a single instant.

When reading, attempt no gesture unless you can look from your book or manuscript and preclude the gesture with your eyes.

The ictus of the gesture should be on the emphatic word, and the hand performing the gesture should return to the side or proceed with another gesture.

Keep your face full or three-quarters full toward your audience, unless personation should require it otherwise.

In personating two characters, have one speak to the right and the other to the left. Explanations require a full face to the audience.

Use curved lines in gesture in all cases except those portraying sudden and impressioned emotions.

As a general rule in single gesture, use the right arm, with the right foot advanced in preference to the left. The left, however, is often conveniently used in the mimicry of awkward characters.

Do not permit the love of dress display to mar the effect of your delivery by making you appear ridiculous. Taste in dress is little less important than appropriate language and delivery.

Let your changes in gesture accord with the language. The more rapid the thought and violent the emotion, the more sudden the transitions. Calm, dignified and reflective thought requires slow, measured, graceful changes.

When the change of thought requires a change of position, make such change *while speaking*, not before nor after; that is, move as you enter upon the new thought.

Gesture should not accompany the *description* of the act, but the act itself; as, "But Douglas round him drew his cloak," etc., receives no gesture; wait till the words accompanying the action are spoken.

Observe the attitudes and gestures of great orators, actors and successful lecturers.

**MALEDICTION.**

Traitors! I would call
down the wrath of
Heaven on them.

**DESIGNATING.**

Scorn points his slow, unmov-
ing finger.

PRONUNCIATION.

PRONUNCIATION from *pro*, forth, *nuncio*, I announce, is the act of vocal and articulate utterance of words according to prevailing usage.

The pronunciation of the English language is not uniform in time or place. The usage of the twentieth century is not that of the nineteenth. The general style of the bustling metropolis differs from the leisurely uttered words of the field and hamlet. The accent East is in contrast to that of the West as marked as the dialect of the South differs from other sections. So, too, the followers of cer-

tain occupations manifest their calling by peculiarities of accent and enunciation. The stress and tones of the seafaring man vary in a marked degree from those of the camp and court. Again, the usage of the mountains is not that of the plains and valleys; and the contrast between the articulation and accent one hears on the coast and in the interior is equally marked.

Changes in pronunciation, due to changes in the manner of living, social and political conditions, advance of commerce and caprice of fashion are constantly going on—in some sections more rapidly than in others. While some communities, influenced by the busy activities around them, accept almost every new style of utterance, others, more isolated, and, therefore, more tenacious of early acquirements, resist all innovations, and cling to those familiar sounds to which they have been accustomed. Thus differences in pronunciation originate and continue in the same country.

Notwithstanding these differences in local usage, there is a standard of pronunciation to which the critical scholars of all sections conform. Among literary people of the United States this standard is recognized in the latest editions of Webster's International and the Century dictionaries. Professor Brown, whose works on Elocution have long been regarded as the most authoritative, especially on Respiration, Articulation and Pronunciation, recognized but one standard authority on pronunciation, viz., Webster's International Dictionary.

The "Principles of Pronunciation" contained in the latter work, should be carefully studied by all who aspire to accuracy in spoken English. A mispronounced word, or even an unusual authorized pronunciation coming from the pulpit, stage or rostrum, distracts the hearer's attention, mars the beauty of diction, and compromises the speaker's

**PRESENTING—RECEIVING.**

Welcome the coming,
speed the going guest.

HORROR.

Down went the corse with a
hollow plunge, and vanished in the pool.

culture in the estimation of his audience even more than the absence of an eloquent delivery.

Pronunciation comprises *articulation*, *syllabication* and *accent*. A skillful articulation is acquired by first securing the correct sounds of the vocal elements, and then by persistent practice, making them so familiar to the tongue and ear that every combination, however difficult, can be sounded instantly and correctly.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the process of forming and combining the elementary sounds of language.

The importance of this subject entitles it to rank second only to respiration as a requisite to the greatest excellence in the art of elocution and extemporaneous speaking. Without this element, cultivated to the highest perfection, all other elements of vocal culture fail to form the accomplished reader or speaker.

Not by the English speaking orator alone, is articulation deemed of great importance. French and German teachers and statesmen give much attention to the subject. Says Legouv  : "Articulation and articulation alone, gives clearness, energy, passion and force. Such is its power that it can even overcome deficiency of voice in the presence of a large audience. There have been actors of the foremost rank who had scarcely any voice. Potier had no voice. Monvel, the famous Monvel, not only had no voice, he had no teeth ! and yet no one ever lost a word that fell from his lips; and never was there a more delightful, more moving artist than he, thanks to his perfect articulation."

That articulation shall secure the greatest benefit to the speaker two conditions must be observed:

First—It must be correct.

Second—It must be distinct.

The first of these implies that the student shall acquaint himself with the powers and applications of all the elementary constituents of the language, in order that he may know the exact element required for each oral combination. The second condition demands that he shall so completely master the vocal utterance of every element that no mistake can possibly arise as to what particular sound is uttered.

Correctness of articulation is acquired by frequent reference to the standard dictionaries, supplemented by immediate and intelligent practice. Here it should be observed that a *distinct* articulation without being *correct* is like legible writing containing many misspelled words; while it is



ACCUSATION.

And Nathan said to David,
"Thou art the man."



REVEALING.

The way she kept it was, of course,
To tell it all and make it worse.

easily heard, the literary deficiencies of the speaker are made only more apparent.

Distinctness of articulation is secured, first, by frequent practice upon the exercises prepared for drill, and afterwards by constant attention to every word and sentence uttered, until the habit of correct and decided articulation is fixed beyond the necessity of attention. Faulty articulation often arises from an inability to control the speech organs. The remedy is daily practice upon the elementary sounds and syllables.

As to what constitutes a "just articulation" nothing

better can be said than the oft-quoted words of Austin: "The words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion; they are neither abridged nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from mouth to mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

As the impassioned style of oratory peculiar to the old Greeks and Romans is giving way to the more intellectual and argumentative form of delivery, teachers of the present are giving more attention to ease and precision of speech than did their predecessors. Upon this point Professor Russell says: "The appropriate style of modern eloquence is that of intellectual, more than impassioned expression; and enunciation being of all the functions of the voice, that which is most important to the conveyance of thought and meaning, it justly requires, in the course of education, more attention and practice than any other branch of elocution."

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

Indistinct and faulty articulation frequently results from an imperfect command of the brain over the muscles involved in speech; hence one of the greatest benefits to be derived from the persistent practice upon difficult combinations is to establish that intimate connection between the mental powers and the physical organs which will permit no uncertain utterance.

Let the student acquire the power of concentrating his attention upon what he is saying, and the difficulties of articulation will speedily disappear. Repeat each sentence once

**AWE-APPEAL.**

Spirits of the just made perfect,
from your empyreon heights
look down.

**MEDITATION.**

This lonely man, wending
his slow way along, is lost
in deepest thought.

slowly and distinctly, then repeat five or more times with increased rapidity and distinctness. Afterwards repeat in a distinct whisper:

1. She sups sheep soup.
2. A shot—silk sash shop.
3. I saw snow softly snowing.
4. Socks and shoes shocked Susan.
5. Don't run along the wrong lane.
6. Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.
7. She was sitting sewing snug and warm.

8. The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.
9. Five wise wives weave withered withes.
10. The hosts still stand in strangest plight.
11. She sells sea-shells; do you sell sea-shells?
12. The sun shines smiling on the shop signs.
13. I snuff shop-snuff; do you snuff shop-snuff?
14. He built an ice-house near his own nice house.
15. He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender sapplings.
16. Two totally tired toads tried to trot to Toadsbury.
17. The old cold, scold, sold a school coal skuttle.
18. The peevish, feeble freeman feebly fought for freedom.
19. I said a "knap-sack strap," not a "knap-sack's strap."
20. The laurel crowned clown crouched coweringly into the cupboard.
21. I said "literary, literally, literarily," not "literarily, literally, literary."
22. Whelphy Whelvell White was a whimsical, whining, whispering, whittling, whistler.
23. Shel Sherman. Shelby sharpened his shears and sheared his sheep.
24. He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.
25. Prithee, blithe youth, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.

MODULATION.

MODULATION is the ready and perfect adaptation of the appropriate elements of speech to the sentiment designed to be conveyed. Voice is vocalized breath and as such its formation depends upon the method of exhalation employed in phonation and speech.

As there are three methods of forcing the air from the

lungs, termed *effusive*, *expulsive* and *explosive*, so there are three modes of utterance derived from the manner of expiration.

The characteristic too of the *Effusive* utterance is that of *tranquillity*, *pathos*, *grandeur* and devotion.

The *Expulsive* utterance ranges in use from ordinary *description* and *narration* to the highest forms of *argumentative discourse*.

The *Explosive* utterance is employed in the expression of *sudden anger*, terror, ecstasy and command.

No one mode of utterance is likely to be appropriate to an entire composition. The *Effusive* is rarely found in more than two or three consecutive words. The *Expulsive* is more common than the others, being employed in the greater part of every conversation.

SLIDES.

Slides, sometimes termed inflections, are concrete changes of pitch, either upward (/) or downward (\) on a single element or word. They vary in extent of elevation or depression according to the nature of the sentiment.

The purpose of slides is to convey more accurately those delicate shades of meaning found in abstract reasoning, unemotional description and narration, to give clearness to contrasted ideas and vigor to expressions of earnestness, emotion and passion.

No marked degree of excellence in expressive reading may be expected until the student has given much time to the practice and intelligent study of the principles governing voice slides.

UPWARD SLIDE.

The Upward Slide is an elevation of the voice through the concrete change of pitch, the degree of elevation depending upon the intensity of the thought or emotion. It is em-

ployed upon the accented syllables of those words used singly, in phrases or in sentences denoting *indifference, uncertainty, incompleteness, doubt, contingency, negation, direct interrogation, tenderness, pathos, surprise, wonder, anticipation.*

DOWNWARD SLIDE.

The Downward Slide is a downward movement of the voice through concrete change of pitch, the degree of depression depending upon the completeness, exactness, or definiteness of the thought in the speaker's mind. It is employed upon those syllables used singly, in phrases or in sentences denoting *completeness, determination, certainty, command, passion, positive, and decisive declaration.*

WAVES.

The wave (ā) sometimes termed circumflex from the twisting or crooked motion of the tone in passing over the vowels, is a compound movement of voice on a single syllable, word or sentence.

The Upward Wave, expressive of *completeness*, is the union of the Upward and downward Slides; as, āh. The Downward Wave expresses the incompleteness; as, āh.

The Upward Single Equal Wave expresses *astonishment, admiration.*

The Downward Single Equal Wave expresses *scorn, contempt, ridicule, mockery, sneer.*

The Wave of the Second, employed with a subdued force and low pitch, is used to express *dignified admiration, mild contrast, gentle yet all-pervading emotions of reverence and awe, sentiments of beauty, sublimity, grandeur, devotion and adoration.*

The Wave of the Third is the characteristic wave of *playful wit, humor, good natured raillery, mirth, jest,*

drollery, insinuation, double meaning, mimicry and strong contrast.

PAUSES.

Pauses are temporary suspensions of speech between words, phrases and clauses, conveying first, the *sentimental*, second the *Emotional*, and third the Rhythmical.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is that peculiar utterance of words, phrases and clauses which renders them especially prominent or significant. Emphasis is effected by a change of quality, force, stress, pitch, slides, waves, movement or quantity, or by lengthening the pauses. Usually two or more of these elements are employed to produce the required emphasis.

SLUR.

Slur is a smooth, rapid, subdued movement of voice over certain words, phrases and clauses of less importance than others with which they stand associated. It is applied to passages expressing *contrast, repetition, explanation, modifications, of persons, things, time, place, cause, manner and degree and all parenthetical expression.*

QUALITY OF VOICE.

There are eight qualities of voice commonly recognized by the best readers: *Pure Tone, Plaintive, Guttural, Nasal, Orotund, Pectoral, Aspirate and Falsetto.*

PURE TONE is a clear, pure, smooth, round, musical tone, the reverberations being confined wholly within the mouth. It is used in the expression of *pathos, tenderness, in solemn, serious, tranquil narrative, didactic and descriptive thought, in calling and in joyous and mirthful emotions.*

The OROTUND quality is the Pure Tone deepened and intensified to its utmost magnitude, with the resonance in

the chest. It is employed in the expression of emotions of *grandeur, sublimity, reverence, adoration, devotion, awe.*

The PLAINTIVE quality sometimes termed the semi-tone, or oral, is that quality of voice whose tones, sliding through a semi-tone or minor third, are uttered in a feeble, trembling tone, with the resonance in the forward part of the mouth. It is used to express *tenderness, sympathy, pathos, sadness, acute pain, feebleness of old age, grief, entreaty, complaint, exhaustion, languor and affectation.*

The PECTORAL quality is a rough, harsh, hollow tone, with the resonance in the chest, and is used to express *dread, sorrow, gloom, despair, grief, deep solemnity mingled with awe, remorse, horror, settled hatred, malice.*

The GUTTURAL quality (from *guttur*, throat), is a rough, harsh, grating, rasping, discordant sound produced by a rigid compression of the muscles of the neck and a partial closing of the throat above the glottis, with the resonance in the throat. The quality resembles the growling utterances of the lower animals. It is used to express *intense anger, hatred, contempt, scorn, disgust, loathing, malice and detestation.*

The ASPIRATE quality is articulated breath and ranges from a mere whisper to the least audible tone of the Plaintive, Pectoral and Guttural qualities. It is used to express *secrecy, surprise, impatience, fear, caution, remorse, awe, dread, anger, rage, terror, horror, and expiring life.*

The NASAL quality (from *nasus*, the nose), is a harsh, thin twangy tone, with the resonance in the nose. It is used in the mimicry of nasal speakers and in the personation of those suffering from colds and is made by prolonging the syllable *ong*.

The FALSETTO quality (from *falsus*, false), is a *screechy, high, shrill* tone, pitched above the natural, with the resonance in the head. The Falsetto begins where the pure tone

breaks, or outruns its compass. It is illustrated by the sharp, shrill shriek of the owl. Like the Nasal, it is used in mimicry, to denote *excitement, irritability, scolding, invective, mockery, sudden fright, anger, pain, terror* and *irritable old age*.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of energy, depending upon the intensity of feeling with which speech is delivered, and is divided into three classes, Subdued, Moderate and Full, while each may still further be divided into three degrees.

SUBDUED FORCE is used to express *tenderness, pathos, sadness, seriousness, solemnity, reverence, awe, melancholy* and *tranquillity*.

MODERATE FORCE is employed in the expression of *narrative, descriptive* and *didactic* thought, and may be used to express the milder forms of *solemnity, sublimity, grandeur* and *devotion* and in *introductions* to *orations*.

FULL FORCE is employed in the expression of *strong emotion*, as *joy, gladness, courage, boldness, defiance, anger, profound sublimity*, and *grandeur*, and is the delivery of *political, senatorial* and *judicial speeches* of an exalted *oratorical* character.

STRESS.

Stress is the application of *Force* to some particular part of a word or syllable. There are six divisions of Stress:

Radical	Medium	Final
Compound	Thorough	Intermittent.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of elevation or depression of sound above or below the keynote, and is divided into *High, Middle* and *Low*.

MOVEMENT.

MOVEMENT is the degree of rapidity or slowness with which words are uttered in continuous discourse, and is divided into *rapid*, *moderate* and *slow*, with further subdivisions of very rapid and very slow.

MELODY.

MELODY (Gr. sweet song) is a succession of pleasing tones having but a limited compass above or below the initial note, with prevailing pitch above the natural. It is one of the most valuable elements the speaker may employ in attracting and retaining the attention of an audience. The element is employed in those rhythmical compositions, whether prose or poetry, expressing *pathos*, *tranquil pleasure* and *peaceful repose*.

ORIGINAL DISCOURSE.

Thus far the student has been instructed in the manner only of expressing the thoughts of others. While the ability to comprehend instantly and render effectively an author's thoughts, as outlined upon the printed page, is an accomplishment of great value to all, such an attainment is not sufficient for the broad and general culture required by our times and institutions.

The responsibilities thrust upon us by the republican form of government under which we live, perpetuated in its purity and efficiency by the logic of a Choate, the wisdom of a Webster and the eloquence of a Clay, demand attainments of a higher order than mere skill in the pathetic, forcible or eloquent repetition of some popular compositions.

The citizen who would form at least a unit in the republic must be competent to wield the pen, and, when called

upon, be prepared to address his countrymen intelligently upon the questions of the day. His duty to himself and country demand that, whether he write or speak, his performance should be creditable and effective.

A ready, vigorous pen and speech, like reading and declamation, comes from instruction, practice and criticism.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

The greatest excellence to which the student, ambitious of oratorical fame, may aspire, is comprised in the ability to speak fluently, logically and effectively, upon any subject, at any time, without previous preparation.

This accomplishment may be termed "thinking on one's feet." It is not the result of any spontaneous development. It comes from study, practice, work.

The power to charm the heart and steal away the senses, to divert the mind from its own devisings, and hold an audience in breathless spell, as the orator paints the rosy tints of heavenly longings, or leads the imagination down through the labyrinths of wonderland, or depicts with lightning tongue and thunder tones the horrors of the doomed, comes not by nature, but by work—work—work.

Whether this so-called gift be assisted by the early efforts of a Demosthenes declaiming over the sea-beat cliffs of Attica or the harangues of a youthful Clay before a group of oxen, perfection in delivery is attained only by frequent and long-continued practice, based upon accurate observation and zealous study.

THE TWO FORMS OF EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECH.

1. CONVERSATION. 2. PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Conversation is the general and familiar interchange of sentiments.

No form of social intercourse furnishes so much human-

izing enjoyment as pleasing and entertaining conversation. Notwithstanding the pleasure it affords, few people, even among the educated classes, are capable of entertaining a company by continuous intelligent discourse.

The student is here reminded that unconnected remarks, followed by ambiguous or meaningless monosyllabic rejoinders interspersed with nauseating repetition of such expletives as "Yes, indeed," "You don't say so," "You bet," etc., do not constitute elevating discourse.

Conversation is an art, and as such it is capable of cultivation to approximate perfection. Success in the higher forms of speech depends upon the conversational skill of the aspirant for oratorical honors.

GENERAL RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

(Read the Introduction to this book.)

Breathe without gasping or attracting attention.

Articulate distinctly, but do not impress your hearers with the idea that you are going through an exercise in vocal gymnastics.

Be natural; remember it is yourself you are impersonating, and you will be judged accordingly.

In general, use a full, pure tone, moderate force, radical stress, middle pitch, and moderate movement. In those parts of your conversation requiring peculiar description and personation, use the appropriate elements.

Enter into the spirit of the subject with all your mind. Cultivate the habit of listening to others. This is at least polite. Attention to what others say is the relay from which you are enabled to continue your part of the conversation intelligibly and agreeably to the other members of your company.

Avoid pedantry, *affectation*, and all *mannerisms* calculated to detract from the general topic of conversation.

Conceive, summon, and express your best thoughts.

Employ the simplest, purest and most expressive language at your command.

Avoid unpleasant personalities particularly with reference to those who are absent.

Avoid topics of little general interest to your listeners.

However familiar to the company the condition of the weather and streets may be, their prolonged discussion is not sufficiently important to justify more than a passing remark.

Indulge sparingly in raillery and cutting repartee. A merciless wit is never esteemed above a treacherous weapon.

GENERAL RULES FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Public extemporaneous speaking is the delivery of sentiment without previous written preparation.

The speaker employs the same elements as in conversation, but upon an enlarged scale. To these he may, as occasion requires, add depth and fullness to his quality, producing the grand tones of the Orotund; he may increase his force, raise his pitch, and indulge in a greater variety of stress, movement, and pauses than in ordinary conversation. In addition to these departures he may energize and embellish his delivery by gesture and facial expression; and, generally, he may play upon the accidental elements in arousing the emotions of an audience more than would be proper in the most animated conversation.

Of all professions recognized by civilized man, probably none requires in its perfection so many and varied accomplishments as that of oratory. The public lecturer who leads the van in the march of science for the improvement of society, the statesman, who guards the nation's rights and shapes his country's destiny, the man of God, who seeks to purify the human heart and save a fallen race—all must wield the wondrous power of speech.

How far the orators of the past have possessed this comprehensive art of arts is largely answered in the social, governmental, and religious freedom of modern times.

GENERAL REQUISITES.

The orator should have a liberal education:

He should be actuated by the noblest impulses.

He should be endowed with the highest attributes of humanity.

Every physical organ should be subordinate to the will.

The summation of all these qualifications, Cicero tells us, marks the *perfect man*.

He should possess the most extended information upon all subjects. To this end he should have frequent practice in reading, conversation, speaking and writing.

SPECIFIC RULES FOR EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

Have something to say worth hearing.

Believe and feel intensely all you say.

Be wide awake and thoroughly in earnest.

Merge yourself into the thoughts you are uttering.

Look into the eyes of your hearers, not over their heads.

Know more of the subject than do any of your auditors.

Be *yourself*; you cannot personate another with your ideas.

Endeavor to hold your hearers that they may not wander from the subject.

Avoid all forms of slang; no speaker ever exhausted the English language.

If you have five or ten minutes for preparation, think of the proposition only.

Cultivate facility and elegance of expression by using good language at all times.

Never lose control of your thoughts, your breath, your speech or your temper.

Maintain a constant reserve; the orator must appear greater than his theme or his effort.

Think only of *what* you are going to say; your grammar, rhetoric and elocution will suggest the manner.

Keep the voice and speech organs moist, not by drink, but by chewing a bit of paper just before using the voice.

Have a complete mastery of all the elements of elocution; thus your body and limbs are made subjective to the mental powers.

Hold yourself flexibly erect with an active chest. The weight should be supported mainly on the balls of the feet, *not* the heels.

Command a faultless articulation, an accurate pronunciation and an absolute control of the essential elements of vocal expression.

Carefully study the speeches of eminent orators known to be extemporaneous; consider the time, place and circumstances of their delivery.

Study the models furnished by Demosthenes, Cicero, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Webster and Clay, and modern orators of recognized ability.

In passing from one sentiment or emotion to another, strive to feel the emotion before attempting its utterance; words without feeling awake no responsive chord among your hearers.

Avoid great force in the beginning by studied distinctness and deliberate movement. Your audience must be *led* by measured tones of persuasion gradually up to the more intensified forms of expression.

Commit and frequently recite aloud a few excellent passages abounding in decided sentiment, absorbing emotion and vehement passion. The possession of the words gives the mind opportunity to dwell upon the thoughts, and thus their frequent conception and utterance trains the nerves,

muscles and vocal organs to command the required expression at will. *Stop the moment you are done.*

SPEAKING FROM NOTES.

When the speaker has sufficient time to collect and arrange his thoughts he should endeavor to think of all he wishes to say upon the subject, and write the heads of his thoughts as they occur, and afterward arrange them in the most appropriate order.

In general, the most pleasing and entertaining matter should appear first. The auditors are never so critical as when the speaker steps upon the platform. An unfavorable impression once made is too difficult to overcome to justify the speaker's giving it an occasion.

The closing thoughts should possess merit and originality, and should be spoken with such sincerity, vigor and eloquence that an audience shall respect at least the advocate, if not the sentiment he utters.

Do not be tedious. Do not labor to exhaust your theme. When you can no longer talk without stopping to think what next to say, you are done and should stop at once.

(Read "The Power of Speech" on page 18.)

METHOD OF CRITICISM.

The following plan of estimating the merits of a speaker's performance, introduced into a number of literary societies by the late Professor I. H. Brown, is recommended. It will prove valuable to critics of literary societies. The table should be prepared on printed sheets and the name of the performer written in the blank, with the proper answer placed after each question. This sheet, so prepared by the critic and given to the performer, would afford the latter much greater benefit than is conferred by the usual imperfect system of criticisms.

CRITIC'S REPORT on.....delivered by
M.....in the.....Hall
on the evening of.....190.... Grade.....
.....Critic.

NOTE—An affirmative answer to the following (20) questions, indicated by the number 5, denotes the standard of excellence. Approximating degrees of this standard are indicated by the numbers 4, 3, 2 and 1, in the order named.

	GRADE
I. ENTRANCE.	
Is the entrance easy, graceful, self-possest?.....	
II. ATTITUDES.	
Are the attitudes natural, flexible, graceful?.....	
III. ACTION.	
1. Do the motions of the head, trunk and limbs harmonize with the changes of thought, sentiment, emotion and passion?.....	
2. Do the eyes and general facial expression confirm the speaker's statements?.....	
3. Do the gestures made for emphasis render the speaker's assertions more forcible?.....	
4. Do the gestures of illustration aid in giving a clearer view of the speaker's theme?.....	
5. Are the gestures graceful, varied, timely, decisive, significant?....	
IV. ENUNCIATION.	
1. Are the sounds freely, fully, correctly, timely and appropriately uttered?.....	
2. Is respiration performed without interfering with the speaker's enunciation?.....	
3. Are the speaker's tones formed without unusual effort?.....	
4. Are the tones free from local or personal peculiarities?.....	
V. ARTICULATION.	
1. Are the syllables distinctly and correctly articulated?.....	
2. Does each receive its proper force and quantity?.....	
VI. PRONUNCIATION.	
Is each word pronounced according to prevailing usage, as represented in the standard dictionaries?.....	
VII. VOCAL EXPRESSION.	
1. Do the tones harmonize in quality, force, stress, pitch, movement and quantity with the general sentiment?.....	
2. Does the speaker's management of slides, waves, emphasis, slur, cadence and pauses indicate a correct conception of his composition?.....	
VIII. GENERAL DELIVERY.	
1. Is the speaker's delivery free from the styles known as affected, conceited, effeminate, pedantic, pompous, stagy, over vehement?.....	
2. In direct discourses does the speaker look into the eyes of his audience?.....	
3. In personation and apostrophe does the speaker ignore his audience?.....	
4. Does the speaker hold the attention of his audience?.....	
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PART I





FAVORITE POEMS.

AN AMERICAN EXILE.

In Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where waved
The nation's flag from mizzen gaff
Of frigate, sloop and other war-like craft,
A group of naval officers, assembled
On the flag-ship's quarter-deck, discussed
With earnestness the act by which the State
Of South Carolina annulled
The tariff laws of Congress.
The President's prompt act,
Despatching Scott to Charlestown, ordering
The execution of the laws by force,
Had thrilled the nerves of those who bore
Their country's arms.

The naval service boasted many men
Who traced through veins as chivalrous as their sires
The blood of Sumter, Pickens, Hayne,
And other revolutionary patriots;

And, conscious of a lineage illustrious
From those who gave the grand Republic birth,
Their minds were often filled with politics
Of State; and thus the acts of courts
And legislatures oft became their theme
In time of peace as much as warlike deeds
Of Neptune.

One of these, in this debate
A handsome, sun-bronzed officer of most
Commanding mien, became conspicuous
In warm approval of his State's rash act
And censure strong of President
And Congress. While his flashing eye betrayed
The fierce emotions of his soul, his voice
Rang fearful maledictions: "Curse the country
Whose flag from yonder mizzen floats; the men
Be cursed, who in the name of government
Ignore the rights my native State has held supreme."

Then drawing forth his rapier
As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my own,
My heart is loyal to my native State;
And here I swear, this blade shall ne'er be drawn
But in defense of rights this tyrant thing
Called government, usurps, and those its threats
Would terrify. Its flag be trailed in dust;
The fate of Carthage be its cursed doom;
The memory of its present acts, with those
Who give them shape, go down in blood and shame."

Such direful imprecations shocked the ears

Of those who heard; and ere the speechless group
Recovered from their blank amaze, a young
Lieutenant felled the speaker senseless to
The deck; then, quick before the officer
Commanding, preferred the charge of treason.

Court-martial trials are speedy in results;
The sentence, novel in its terms; was heard
With unfeigned haughtiness and scorn by him
Whom it deprived of country:

“The prisoner, hence, for life, shall be consigned
To vessels cruising in a foreign sea;
No tongue to him shall speak his country’s name,
Nor talk to him of aught save daily wants;
And ever to his sight that country’s flag
Shall be a token that its power lives
To carry out this sentence.”

* * * * *

In far off seas, away from kindred hearts
And native home, the years passed slowly on;
But pride and stubborn will did not desert
This strange, misguided man; his fate he seemed
To cherish for the cause he still believed
Would triumph in the end.
Yet to and fro his narrow bounds he paced,
Alone amid a frigate’s crew, of whom
Not one could speak to him a friendly word,
Nor tell him of that wondrous growth and fame
The land he cursed attained among

The nations of the earth. No cheering word
His yearning heart in time could e'er expect
From stricken mother, weeping wife, and babes
By him made worse than orphans, who might blush
To call him father. Still, above, around,
In sportive play, the flag he madly cursed, as star
By star was added to its field of blue,
In gorgeous folds waved kindly o'er his head,
As if forgiving his ingratitude.

And now, as other years rolled sadly by,
And he was passed from ship to ship, as each
In turn went home, the lines of griefs and frosts
Of age bore silent evidence of slow decay.
In time his face was marked with pensive cast,
A harbinger of sad, repentant thought.
A sailor, unperceived took note of him,
And oft observed him watch the waving flag
With strange emotion. And once his lips
Were seen to move: "Thou ever-present curse,
Reminding me of what I am, of what
I've lost. Thou Nemesis of nature's wrongs!
For that I've sinned against my birth, my soul's
Remorse affirms. How long e'er nature's laws,
More kind than human heart, will free my eyes
From thee, thou vengeful witness of my shame?
I'd tear thee from thy staff,—but when I think
Of all the tears thou'st witnessed in these eyes,
At first my curses, then my prayers to God,
Of secret thoughts conceived within thy sight,
Thou seem'st so much a friend, I would not blot

From out thy field a single star—and yet—and yet—
O soul, when will thy mad resentment cease?

* * * * *

Full thirty years had passed since sound
Of friendly voice had filled his ear, and now
He paced another deck than one designed
For heavy armament, —a merchant craft,
Commissioned while the nation's ships of war
Were called for duty home to try the cause
For which this poor, deluded exile gave
His manhood and his life.

Near set of sun

The cry of "sail" was heard, and then,
Against his will, they hurried him below.
The startling call to quarters reached his ear,
And e'er the roll of drum and boatswain's whistle died
away

There came a distant "boom" that roused a hope
He yearned to realize. A moment more,
A deaf'ning sound, that shook the very keel
Awoke his heart with joy. He knew and hailed
The truth. The land,—*his* land was now at war.
The foe—his name, it mattered not to him—
Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul
With fire.

O love of Country! Thou art lasting as
The faith of childhood. Thou art stronger than
The love of life,—the fear of death!
This exiled penitent, this prodigal
Without a home would prove himself a man!

He cried for help to free him from his bonds;
"Ahoy there! Men on deck! For love of God
Let me not perish in this cell. Unbar the door,
Take off these chains, and arm me for the fight!
Oh give me air and light beneath the flag;
My blood will wash away my curse!" But all
Was vain.

A tearing shot that ploughed through side
And prison bulkhead walls, made clear
A passage wide enough through which
He sought his wild desire.
But e'er he reached the deck, the foe had lashed
His ship beside, and countless fierce wild men
Were leaping down among the feeble crew,
Who battled hard, but vain, against such odds.

He saw the flag the enemy displayed,
A flag unknown, unseen by him before,
Though strangely like the one he cursed,—now loved
So much,—would die in its defense.
He wrenched a cutlass from a dying hand,
And hewed his way among the privateers.
Where'er he struck, the way was cleared of men
Like wheat before the blade. His strange demean
And antique garb amazed the foe, until
It seemed he'd drive the boarders to their ship.
At last, his wounds o'ercame his madd'ning strength
And sinking to his knee, was soon disarmed,
But spared the murd'rous stroke by one who knew
His name and story from a child.

FAVORITE POEMS.

His glazing eye turned wistful toward the flag,
Now dropping low, as if to mourn for him:—

“My country! thou art now avenged! my life,
My wasted life,—I give to thee—to thee.”

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell,—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South
The dust, like smoke, from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master,
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind:
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town, to save the day!"

FAVORITE POEMS.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American Soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze.

And shot toward Heaven. The century-living ~~or~~ow
Whose birth was in the tops, grew old and died
Among their branches,—till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But Thou art there; Thou fill'st
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

What's the best thing in the world?
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;
Truth, not cruel to a friend;
Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beauty, not self-decked and curled
Till its pride is over-plain;
Light, that never makes you wink;
Memory, that gives no pain;
Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.
What's the best thing in the world?—
Something out of it, I think.

ANONYMOUS.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven reached no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,—
And things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle it made him sing;

His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.

Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
O Christ! It is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rushed in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,

Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter;
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling,
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs;
Often is there war between us;
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing, answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps,
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

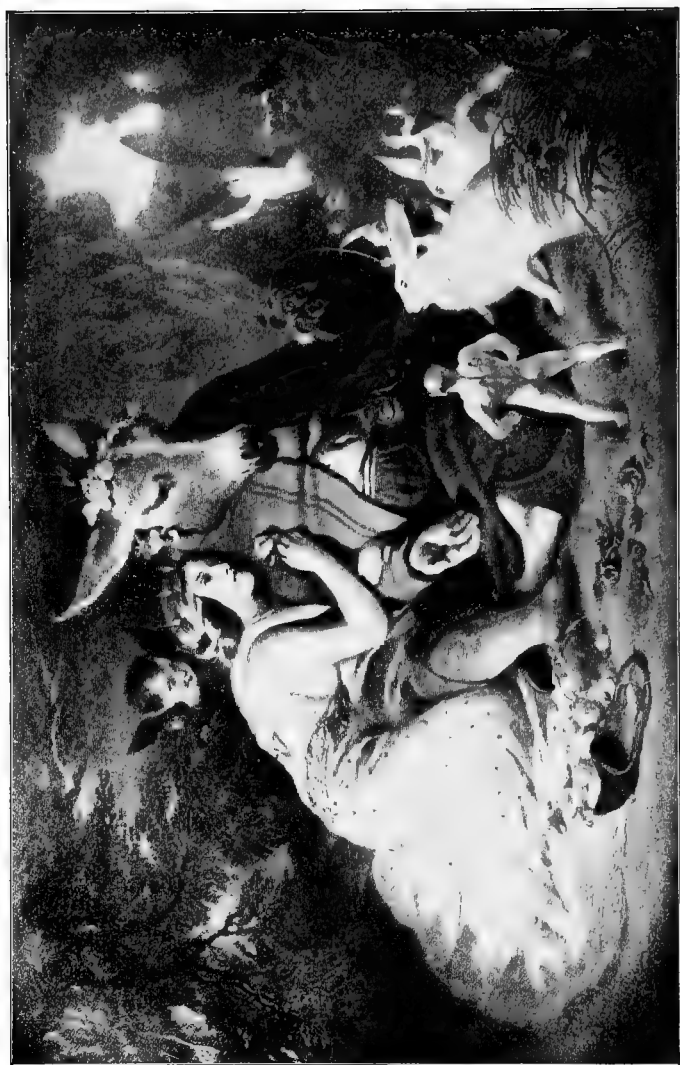
On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,

Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not."
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not."
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,—
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were.
Now the men were like the women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!





She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Springtime,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows,
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,

Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deerskin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabas, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,

"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered.
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely.

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water,
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow.
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying;
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his headgear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her;
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine tree.

All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
And the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow;
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BRIGHTER DAY.

It's coming on the steeps of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

We may be sleeping in our graves
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt its coming sound,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
It's coming! Yes, it's coming!

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE MATTIE.

I.

Dead! Thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk;
Lover's love she could not know
Even by a dream or talk:
Too young to be glad of youth,
Missing honor, labor, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this
And for all the loss it is,
You, her mother, with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

II.

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is as old as death.
Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday! Yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Slightly touched! An hour matures:
You can teach her nothing else.

She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

III.

Cross her quiet hands and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along a marble floor;
But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more,
"Yes," or "No," or such a thing:
Though you call and beg and wreak
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default
And most innocent revolt.

IV.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be
She would answer like the Son,
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart
Called—you called her, did you say,
"Little Mattie" for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel-creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it; room to play
(Though one's hair might get uncurled
At the far end of the day).
What she suffered she shook off
In the sunshine; what she sinned
She could pray on high enough
To keep safe above the wind.
If reproved by God or you,
'Twas to better her, she knew;
And if crossed, she gathered still
'Twas to cross out something ill.

VI.

You, you had the right, you thought,
To survey her with sweet scorn,
Poor gay child, who had not caught
Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
Now your places are changed so,
In that same superior way
She regards you dull and low
As you did herself exempt
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
Of the spirits risen awhile,
Who look back with such a smile!

VII.

There's the sting of't. That, I think,
Hurts the most a thousandfold!
To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,

Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
 Teach and tumble as our own,
 All its curls about our knees,
 Rise up suddenly full-grown.
 Who could wonder such a sight
 Made a woman mad outright?
 Show me Michael with the sword
 Rather than such angels, Lord!
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BOSTON HYMN.

Read in Music Hall, January 1, 1863.

The word of the Lord by night
 To the watching pilgrims came,
 As they sat by the seaside,
 And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings—
 I suffer them no more;
 Up to my ear the morning brings
 The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
 A field of havoc and war,
 Where tyrants great and tyrants small
 Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
 Choose him to be your king;
 He shall cut pathways East and West,
 And 'fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia of the rocks
Which dip their feet in the seas,
And soar to the air-born flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers, and choppers, and plowmen,
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field
Hireling, and him that hires.

And here in a pine state house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea.
And make just laws below the sun
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and mastership,
And I unchain the slave,
Free be his heart and hand henceforth,
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow;
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim,
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound.

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags,
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come East, and West, and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My way fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

—*Bryant*.

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;—
They have left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land:
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
mine;
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.
"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard-
ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day
was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun:
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old
age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my fa-
ther's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen —calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-
ing head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad
and gallant tread.

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the
Rhine.

“There’s another—not a sister; in the happy days gone
by
You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be
risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—sweet Bingen on the
Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed
to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and
clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm
and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with
friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine—
But we meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the
Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp
was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed, and ceased to
speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed
to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

LITTLE TYRANT.

Let every sound be dead;
Baby sleeps.
The Emperor softly tread!
Baby sleeps.

Let Mozart's music stop!
Let Phidias' chisel drop!
 Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb!
Our tyrant's hour has come!
 Baby sleeps.

ANONYMOUS.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
 They are neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
 That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
 A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
 More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands.
 Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
 That children might be glad.
I almost weep as looking back
 To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
 While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
 They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their work
 On hand and heart and brow,

Alas! alas! the wearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands will folded be.

But, oh, beyond this shadowy damp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams thro' endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And when the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

ANONYMOUS.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her ee;

And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.
Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' 'o her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Turn, turn, for my cheeks they burn,
Turn by the dale, my Harry!
Fill pail, fill pail,
He has turned by the dale,
And there by the stile waits Harry.
Fill, fill,
Fillpail, fill,
For there by the stile waits Harry!
The world may go round, the world may stand still
But I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.
Wheugh, wheugh!
Oh, if we two
Stood down there now by the water,
I know who'd carry me over the ford
As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord,
Though I don't live over the water.

Wheugh, wheugh! he's whistling through,
He's whistling the "Farmer's Daughter."
Give down, give down,
My crumpled brown!
He shall not take the road to the town,
For I'll meet him beyond the water.
Give down, give down,
My crumpled brown!
And send me to my Harry.
The folks 'o towns
May have silken gowns,
But I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! he has whistled through,
He has whistled through the water.
Fill, fill, with a will, a will,
For he's whistled through the water,
And he's whistling down
The way to the town,
And it's not the "Farmer's Daughter!"
Churr, churr! goes the cockchafer,
The sun sets over the water,
Churr, churr! goes the cockchafer,
I'm too late for my Harry!
And oh, if he goes a-soldiering,
The cows they may low, the bells they may ring
But I'll neither milk nor marry,
Fillpail,
Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fillpail,
Give down, good wench, give down!

I know the primrose bank. Fillpail,
Between him and the town.
Give down, good wench, give down, Fillpail,
And he shall not reach the town!
Strain, strain, he's whistling again,
He's nearer by half a mile.
More, more! Oh, never before
Were you such a weary while!
Fill, fill, he's crossed the hill,
I can see him down by the stile;
He's passed the hay, he's coming this way,
He's coming to me, my Harry!
Give silken gowns to the folks o' towns,
He's coming to me, my Harry!
There's not so grand a dame in the land,
That she walks to-night with Harry!
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,
Oh, I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! he has whistled through,
My Harry! my lad! my lover!
Set the sun and fall the dew,
Heigh-ho, merry world, what's to do
That you're smiling over and over?
Up on the hill and down in the dale,
And along the tree-tops over the vale
Shining over and over,
Low in the grass and high on the bough,
Shining over and over
O world, have you ever a lover?
You were so dull and cold just now

O world have you ever a lover?
I could not see a leaf on the tree,
And now I could count them, one ,two, three,
Count them over and over,
Leaf from leaf like lips apart,
Like lips apart for a lover.
And the hillside beats with my beating beart,
And the apple-tree blushes all over,
And the May bough touched me and made me start,
And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull, and the pail is full,
And milking's done and over.
Who would not sit here under the tree?
What a fair, fair thing's a green field to see!
Brim, brim to the rim, ah me!
I have set my pail on the daisies!
It seems so light,—can the sun be set?
The dew's must be heavy, my cheeks are wet.
I could cry to have hurt the daisies!
Harry is near, Harry is near,
My heart's as sick as if he were here,
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
He hasn't uttered a word as yet,
But the air's astir with his praises.
My Harry!
The air's astir with your praises.
He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,
He's among the king-cups—he picks me one,
I love the grass that I tread upon
When I go to my Harry!
He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knowe,
There's never a faster foot I trow,

But still he seems to tarry.
O Harry! O Harry! my love, my pride,
My heart is leaping, my arms are wide!
Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside,
Roll up, and bring my Harry!
They may talk of glory over the sea,
But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me,
My love, my lad, my Harry!
Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,
What cares Dolly, whether or no,
While I can milk and marry?
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,
But I'll bring my pail home every night
To love, and home, and Harry!
We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,
There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the bake,
The world may sleep, the world may wake,
But I shall milk and marry,
And marry,
I shall milk and marry.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway;
A sudden raid from the hall;
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever—
Yes, forever and a day;
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay,
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."

Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone,
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sights are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That, whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The lark-spur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat.
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:

I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shown!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

LORD HOUGHTON.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, she had hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
Then said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying and wondered whether,
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her briar torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah me
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;
And her modest and graceful air
Shows her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."
But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,



I wonder if, under the beautiful sky,
There's a good looking girl that is gladder than I?
I'm merry, for Jerry has promised for life
To take me and make me his fond little wife.



Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside rill instead,
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain
"Ah, that I was free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the bare-foot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the road-side, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And gazing down with tender grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.
And for him who sat by the chimney log,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich refiner and household drudge!
God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter the angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,—
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

GOD BLESS OUR FATHER-LAND.

God bless our father-land,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own;
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's Friend;
On all her realms descend;
Protect her throne.

Father, in loving care
Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thine arms his shelter be
From harm by land and sea;
Bid storm and danger flee;
Prolong his days.

Lord, bid war's trumpet cease;
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under thy wings;
Make all thy nations one,
All hearts beneath thy sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

O. W. HOLMES.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it type,—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play;
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!
Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer;
 Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it round our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality!
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; night,
Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears;
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touch'd
By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls,
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

R. H. DANA.

"JIM."

Say, there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offence;
Thar ain't no sense
In gettin' riled!
Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar;
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.

Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew—
 Blest if you are!
Money! —Not much;
 That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
 Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess about your size;
Same kind of eyes—
Well, that is strange;
 Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
 Eh?
The h—— you say!
 Dead?—
That little cuss?
What makes you star—
You, over thar?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must r'ar?
 It wouldn't take
 D—— much to break
You and your bar.

 Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!

Why, thar was me ,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,
No-account men;
Then to take *him*!
Well, thar— Good-bye—
No more, sir—I—

Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes? By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

BERT HARTE.

ONLY ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we;
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night;
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him—alone with his glory!

J. WOLFE.

THE MAY QUEEN.

PART FIRST.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new
year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never
wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and gar-
lands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the
 Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from far
 away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
 o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh, and green and still,
And the cow-slip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale'll merrily glance and
 play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
 o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
 dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new
 year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
 o' the May.

PART SECOND—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year;
It is the last new year that I shall ever see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more
 of me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace
 of mind;

And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never
see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.
There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the
pane;

I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again;
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on
high;

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook'll caw from the windy, tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er
the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moldering grave.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the wan-
ing light,

You'll never see me more in the long, gray fields at night;
When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs blow
cool,

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush
in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly
laid.

I shall not forget you mother; I shall hear you when
you pass

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting
place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon
your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you
say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far
away.
Good night, good night; when I have said good night
forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green;
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.
Good night, sweet mother; call me before the day is
born;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

PART THIRD—CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year;
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's
here.
O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot
rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow;
And sweeter far is death than life to me, that long to go.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or hear the death-
watch beat;

There came a sweeter token when the night and morning
meet;

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in
mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over
all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my
soul.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt
resigned,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what
was said;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my
mind,

And up the valley came again the music of the wind.

But you were sleeping and I said, "It's not for them; it's
mine."

And if it comes three times, I thought, I'd take it for a
sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-
bars,

Then seemed to go right up to Heaven, and die among the
stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will love to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

O, look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know;
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine,

With flowers in the valley, for other hands than mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that e'er this day
is done,

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true:
And what is life that we should moan? Why make we
such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.

LORD TENNYSON.

BONDS OF AFFECTION

There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;

It bendeth o'er the death bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life has naught else that may supply its place.
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love.

L. E. LANDON.

I WONDER.

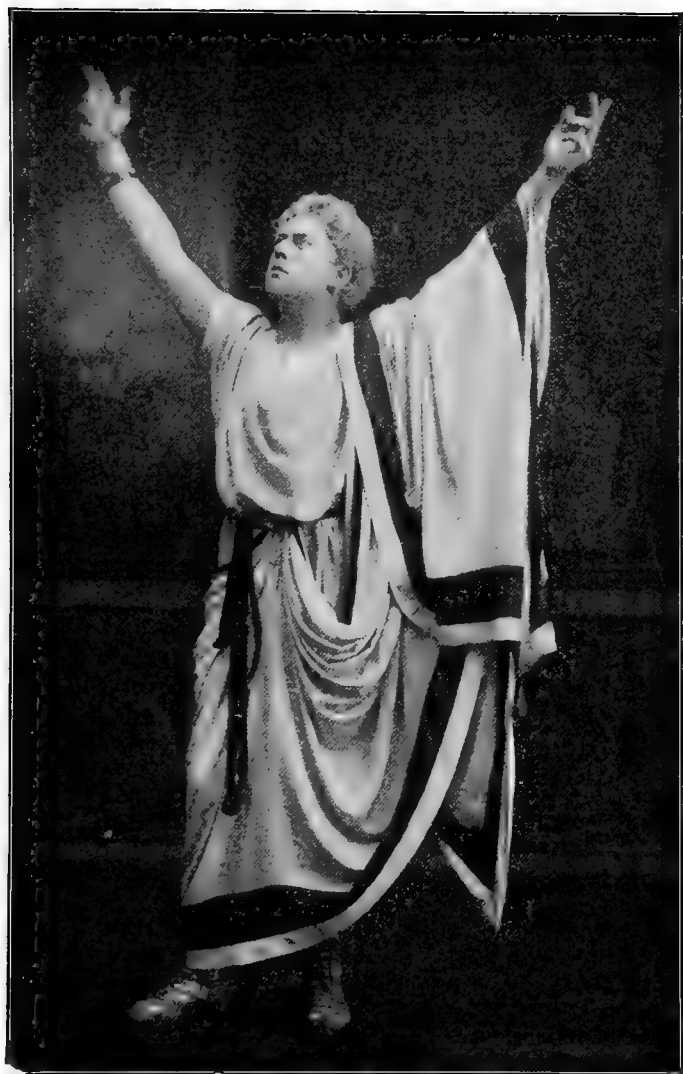
I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter?
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter?
I wonder if ever the sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his inmost thought?
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost soul betrayed?

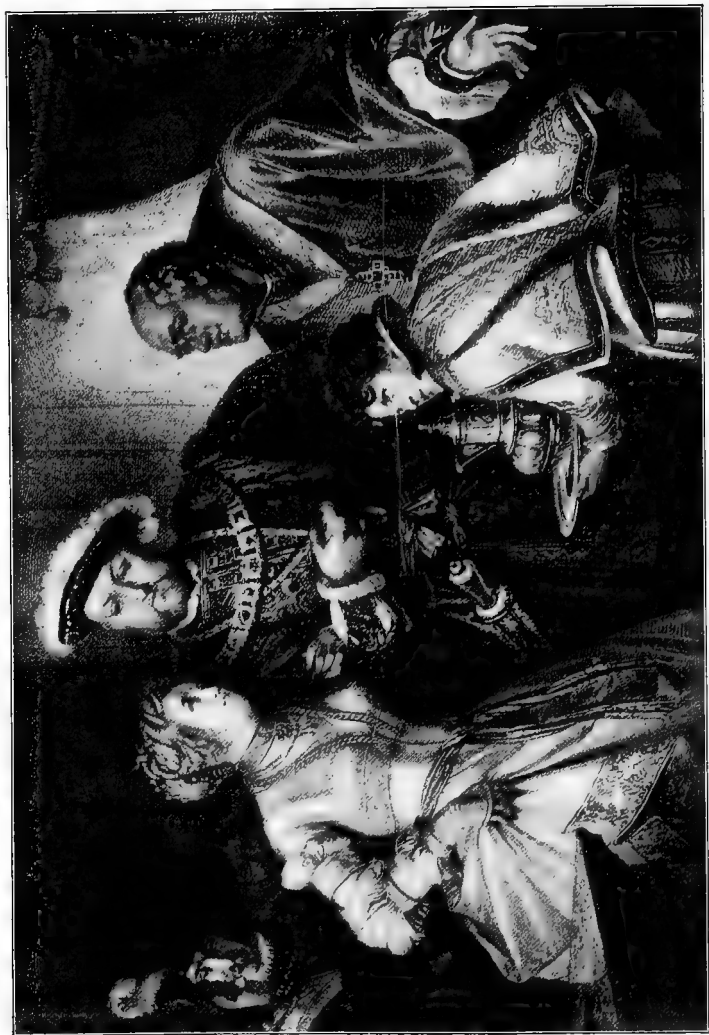
. ANONYMOUS.

AMERICA.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;





King Henry—"Lead on your ladies, every one—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you—let's be merry.

I have half a dozen healths to drink to these fair ladies."—*Henry VIII. Scene IV.—The Presence Chamber.*

Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw

Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide,—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men

Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thine lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved and God is feared,
In woodland homes,

And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's downtrodden and opprest.
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.

Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
 And as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye
Upon their lips their taunts shall die.
 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BEYOND.

Oh, ye lost ones, ye departed, who have passed that silent
 shore,
Though we call you through the sunset ye return to us
 no more.
Have ye found the blessed islands where earth's toils and
 sorrows cease?
Do ye wear the sacred lotus, have ye entered into peace?

Do ye hear us when we call you, do ye heed the tears
 we shed,—
Oh, beloved! oh, immortals! oh, ye dead who are not
 dead!
Speak to us across the darkness, wave to us a glimmering
 hand,
Tell us but that ye *remember*, dwellers in the silent land!
 ANONYMOUS.

TO IANTHE, SLEEPING:

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world;
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthé wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy,
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Yes, she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquence
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
 Her dewy eyes are closed,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby Sleep is pillowed;
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column.

* * * * *

A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame:
 Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;
 Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained.
 She looked around in wonder, and beheld
 Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,
 Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love
 And the bright-beaming stars
 That through the casement shone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time;—

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;—

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

JIM BLUDSO.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the "Prairie Belle?"
He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is pretty much all alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—

But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knewed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Bell" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip'
And her day come at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she *wouldn't* be passed,
And so she came tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right,
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.

And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell.
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance on Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man who died for men.

JOHN HAY.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And, now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs;
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
At Badajoz's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my Nell!

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them! To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;— ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE DYING SAVIOR.

O, sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me!
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely—through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.

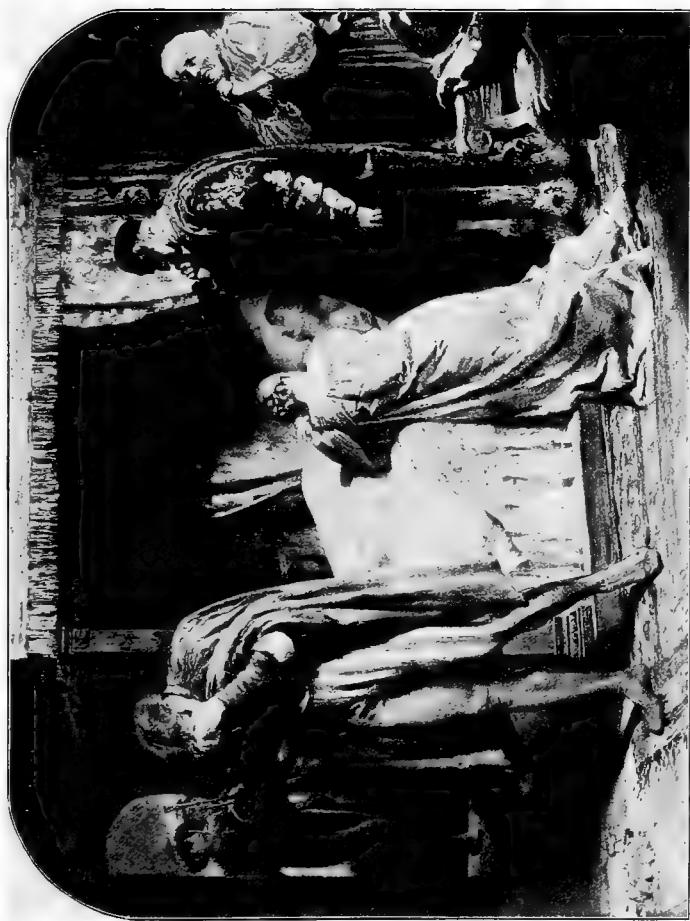
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low,
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door—
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits amongst his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir
And it makes his heart rejoice;
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in paradise,
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on the sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed, each thought.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait if you please,
And says I might stay till she came if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?"
"And then you'd feel strange here all alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw."



Capulet—"Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded, I will die,
And leave him all: life, living, all is Death's!"—*Romeo and Juliet*.



"'Spose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to—Oh, you're afraid they would think it was mean?

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty if you're sure that your fingers are clean.

For sister says sometimes I daub it, but she only says that when she's cross.

There's her picture. You know it! It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"This is ME. It's the best of 'm all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought

That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could he bought—

For that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat—

That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting? Why, often she's longer than this;

There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me;

Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night,

Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.

You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not a rich man they say,

Pa says you're as poor as a church-mouse. Now are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I
know now that your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousey, and not what
that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I
could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and she kissed you in the way that
she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and roar;
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;

And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid pace
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Collecting, projecting,
Receding, and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading
And whizzing and hissing,
And dipping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,

And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,,
And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm chair?
I've treasur'd it long as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would you learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's home, I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words would mother give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.
I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray.

And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm chair.

'Tis past; 'tis past; but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair

ELIZA COOK.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly,

But Linden saw another light,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild

And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the Infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful of the tribes
That slumber in its bosom—Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LAURENCE.

He came in the glory of summer, in the terror of summer he went;

Like a blossom the breezes have wafted; like a bough that the tempest has rent.

His blue eyes unclosed in the morning, his brown eyes were darkened at morn;

And the durance of pain could banish the beauty where-with he was born.

He came—can we ever forget it, while the years of our pilgrimage roll?—

He came in thine anguish of body, he passed 'mid our anguish of soul.

He brought us a pride and a pleasure, he left us a pathos of tears,

A dream of impossible futures, a glimpse of uncalendared years.

His voice was a sweet inspiration, his silence a sign from afar;

He made us the heroes we were not, he left us the cowards we are.

For the moan of the heart follows after his clay, with perpetual dole,

Forgetting that torture of body is lost in the triumph of soul.

A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine lore,

He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient—and who can be more?

He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome his mother's warm kiss,

To trust in the arms of his father,—and who can be wiser than this?

The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was rounded and whole,

In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection of soul.

The newness of love at his coming, the freshness of grief when he went,

The pitiless pain of his absence, the effort at argued content,

The dim eye forever retracing the few little footprints he made,

The quick thought forever recalling the visions that never can fade,—

For these but one comfort, one answer, in faith's or philosophy's roll;

Came to us for a pure little body, went to God for a glorified soul.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far
away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad
day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and
maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny,
floating hair,
He with sad, bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips
so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must
not ring to-night."
"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and
damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doom'd this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not
ring to-night."
"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced
her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned
dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower,
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings
to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow,

And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a solemn
vow;

She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
or sigh,

"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must*
die."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright—

One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not*
ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the
old church door,

Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft
before,

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek
and brow aglow,

Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro;

Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one
ray of light,

Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not
ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the
great dark bell,

And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell;

See the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
Curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath
and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with
sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not
ring to-night!"
Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck
below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not
heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so
pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew
shall not ring to-night."
It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred
years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this
night had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting
sun
Light the sky with yellow beauty, aged sires with
heads of white
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one
sad night.
O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him,
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden
beauty now;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all
bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so
sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with
misty light;
“Go, your lover lives!” cried Cromwell; “Curfew shall
not ring to-night.”

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the blue sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

Ring out the Old, ring in the New;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the False, ring in the True!

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind!

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws!

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes;
But ring the fuller Minstrel in!

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of Good!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace!

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be!

LORD TENNYSON.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I saw thee last;
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey,—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead.
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,—
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. —Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore;
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived,—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of tomorrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,—
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap,—
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,—
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed,
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,—
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may,—
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink, the jessamine—

I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!—
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me,
My boast is not that I deduce my birth.

From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S FAREWELL TO POWER.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me,
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAPPINESS.

There are in this rude, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

JOHN KEBLE.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—

It was not her time to love; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares,

And now was quiet, now astir—

Till God's hand beckoned unawares,

And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?

What! your soul was pure and true;

The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;

And just because I was thrice as old,

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was naught to each, must I be told?

We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love;

I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse not a few;

Much is to learn, and much to forget,

Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,

In the lower earth—in the years long still—

That body and soul so pure and gay;

Why your hair was amber I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's red—

And what you would do with me, in fine,

In the new life come in the old one's stead

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young
smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young
gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep:
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

JENNY KISSED ME !

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-Maying,
When anon by a woodside,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not;
She said, "Never man was true;"
He says, "None was false to you."
He said he had loved her long;
She says, "Love should have no wrong."

Corydon would kiss her then:
She says, "Maids must kiss no men
Till they do for good and all."
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness, Truth
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,—
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,—
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."—*Gray*.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Benèath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin, bonnily,

His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparklin in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw-new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears;
The parent's partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngers' a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er though out o' sight to jauk or play;
"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Leest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless
rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villian, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjured arts; dissembling, smooth,
All honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled;
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruined maid, and the distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome *parritch*, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford;
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood,
The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God", he says with solemn air;

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays,
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the strokes of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head,
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise.
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide

Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
 The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content;
 And O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent.

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.
ROBERT BURNS.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
 Thyself have trod,
Lead, Savior, lead me home in childlike faith,
 Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound.
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog; "Get down, you pup;
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
 "Well, well, old Bay!
 Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
 "The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
 We'll wean the calf next week,"

Says Farmer John. "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray;

"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For after all," said Farmer John,

"The best of the journey is getting home!

I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,

For all their Paris and Rome?

These hills for the city's stifled air,

And big hotels, all bustle and glare;

Land all houses, and road all stones,

That deafen your ears and batter your bones?

Would you, old Bay?

Would you, old Gray?

That's what one gets by going away!

"There money is king," says Farmer John;

"And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer

To see how, sometimes, while the man

Is raking and scraping all he can,

The wife spends every year,

Enough you would think for a score of wives,

To keep them in luxury all their lives.

The town is a perfect Babylon

To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.

"You see, old Bay,

You see, old Gray—

I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—

"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;

And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stock and ten per cent,—
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some lands to till, and a few good friends,

Like you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray!

That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John—

Oh, a rich and happy man is he!

He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,

And fruit on vine and tree;

The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—

And you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray!

Next time I travel so far away!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing,—

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one .
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it;
Picture it—think of it,
 Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring,
 Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,

Burning insanity,
Cold inhumanity,
Into her rest,
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea,—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the swordfish
sleep,—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he never falters,—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!
BRYAN W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

MARY ANN.

She is right weary of her days
Her long lone days, of dusty kneeling;
And yet "The thoughts o' you," she says,
"Has took away my tired feeling."

"For when I've done the room," she says,
"And cleaned it all from floor to ceiling,
A-leaning on my broom," she says,
"I *do* have such a tired feeling!"

But he, the other laborer,
Has left behind his moorland shieling,

And comes at last to comfort her,
Because he knows her "tired feeling."

"I know'd you was to come," she says,
"For why? I see'd the swallows wheeling;
And that's a sign to me, I says;
I soon shall lose my tired feeling."

"I'll ax my Misses' leave, I says;
I canna work; my heart wants healing:
She gave it me, and smiles and says,
'Well, *that'll* cure your tired feeling.'

"And so it will. For days and days
I'm strong again and fit for kneeling;
The thoughts o' seeing you," she says,
"Has took away my tired feeling."

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor;
but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,
Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.
Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
And tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.
This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.
And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—
In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads to the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad, expanded wings

Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he had floated there, without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up! Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him! I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Once Switzerland was free! Oh, with what pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so! It was free!
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Ay, often have I sat
In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—sat in it, and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And to think I had no master, save his own!

You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two to pass abreast? O'ertaken there
By the mountain-blast, I've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 'twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms

Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was
free

Has checked that wish; and I have raised my head,
And cried, in thralldom, to that furious wind,
“Blow on!—This is the land of liberty!”

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE CHRISM AND CROWN OF LOVE.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to write —greetings; quick with its “Oh, list,”
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height,
The first, and sought the forehead, and, half missed
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond need!
That was the chrism of love, with love’s own crown.
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state! since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, “My Love, my own.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed up on grandpapa’s knee.
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one.
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun.

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book
And Bella and I, we went to look
For the smooth, little stones by the side of the
brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay!

And O, when aweary, may we be all blest,
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

ANONYMOUS.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

THOMAS MOORE.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gatebolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we draw near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlen church-steeple we heard the half-
chime—

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like
chaff,
Till over by Delham a dome-spire sprang white
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad
or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew.
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;

They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will and that sort of thing;
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight;
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket,
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.

They skeered at something and started—
I heerd one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Whar they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And *thar* sot Little Breeches, and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
“I want a chew of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me.

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derved sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

JOHN HAY.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored.

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dew and
damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps;

His days are marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel;

"As ye deal with My contemnners, so with you My grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his
heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

HELVELLYN.

[In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterward when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.¹

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
heather,

Where the Pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou number

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, O, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

And thou little guardian, alone stretched before him—

Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall,

With 'scutheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,

Lamenting a chief of the people People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catbedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SONG OF SPRING.

Laud the first spring daisies;
Chant aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses,
Make handfals into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills;
Pluck the violets blue,—
Ah, pluck not a few!
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven the
violet instills?

Give the children holidays
(And let these be jolly days),
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring:
Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.
Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as men),
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor,—
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet, and the
wren.

As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and wild beast
Keep no Lent, but feast;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy's
increased,
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud
carol.

Ah, come and woo the spring;
List to the birds that sing;
Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets;
Pluck the daisies,
Sing their praises;
Friendship with the flowers some noble thought
begets.

Come forth and gather these sweet elves
(More witching are they than the fays of old),
Come forth and gather them yourselves:
Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth is more
than gold.

Come, come into the wood;
Pierce into the bowers
Of these gentle flowers,
Which not in solitude

Dwell, but with each other keep society:
And with a simple piety,
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good,
Or, upon summer earth,
To die, in virgin worth;
Or to be strewn before the bride,
And the bridegroom by her side.

Come forth on Sundays;
Come forth on Mondays.
Come forth on any day;
Children, come forth to play,—
Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor,
Worship Him in your sports; worship him ever,
Worship Him in the wildwood;
Worship Him amidst the flowers;
In the greenwood bowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in his praise! EDWARD YOUNG.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY.

OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

A LOGICAL STORY.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible earthquake day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thrill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thorough-brace,—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise *breaks down* but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacon's do,
 With an "I dew vum, or an "I tell *yeou*,")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
 "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain:
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz, I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke.—

That was for spokes, and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the day he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss snay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.

Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say,
There couldn't be,—for the deacon's art,
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,—
Close by the meetin'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting on a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!—
What do you think the parson found
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—Quintilian.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!



Romeo—"Farewell, Farewell !
One kiss and I'll descend"—*Romeo and Juliet*



CAIUS HASTA.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl:—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us afloat o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

THOMAS MOORE.

LITTLE PHIL.

"Make me a headboard, mister, smooth and painted, you see:
Our ma she died last winter, and sister and Jack and me;
Last Sunday, could hardly find her, so many new graves
about.
And Bud cried out, 'We've lost her,' when Jack gave a
little shout.
We have worked and saved all winter—been hungry
sometimes, I own—
But we hid this much from father under the old door-
stone.
He never goes there to see her; he hated her; scolded
Jack
When he heard us talking about her, and wishing she'd
come back.

But up in the garret we whisper, and have a good time
to cry.

Our beautiful mother who kissed us, and wasn't afraid to
die:

Put on it that she was forty, in November she went away,
That she was the best of mothers, and we haven't forgot to
pray;

And we mean to do as she taught us—be loving and true
and square,

To work and read, to love her, till we go to her up there.
Let the board be white, like mother"—the small chin
quivered here,

And the lad coughed something under, and conquered a
rebel tear.

"Here is all we could keep from father—a dollar and
thirty cents;

The rest he got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the
rents."

Blushing the white lie over, and dropping the honest eyes,
"What is the price of headboards, with writing, and
handsome size?"

"Three dollars?"—a young roe, wounded, just falls with
a moan; and he,

With a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on
his tattered knee,

"Three dollars! and we shall lose her, next winter in the
graves and the snow!"

But the boss had his arms about him, and cuddled the
head of tow

Close up to the great heart's shelter, and womanly tears
fell fast:

"Dear boy, you shall never lose her. O, cling to your
sacred past!

Come to-morrow, and bring your sister and Jack, and
the board shall be
The best that the shop can furnish; then come here and
live with me."

* * * * *

When the orphans loaded their treasure on the rugged
old cart next day,
The surprise of a footboard varnished, with all that their
love could say;
And "*Edith St. John, Our Mother!*" Baby Jack gave his
little shout,
And Bud, like a mountain daisy, went dancing her doll
about.
But Phil grew white and trembled, and close to the boss
he crept,
Kissing him like a woman, shivered and laughed and
wept:
"Do you think, my benefactor, in heaven that *she'll* be
glad?"
"Not as glad as *you* are, Philip. But finish this job, my
lad."

MRS. HELEN RICH.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody fortells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight
From the molten-golden notes!
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, when she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the singing
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody com-
 pels!
 In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats,
 Is a groan:
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls!
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
E. A. POE.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me.
Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 We seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS!

SUNG AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose,
Lo, the last sun of our century sets!
Wreathe the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the Nation forgets—
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her. But where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet's swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around;
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound.
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound;
Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell;
Welcome, still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome, still trembles on Liberty's bell.

Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome once more to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free;"
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the eternal Years.

Set hours and written rules are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears:
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's word unto the ears:
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

And knowst thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul,
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower;
Time flies; and judgment nears;
Go! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought,
Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears!
Such prison-house thine heart will make
Free of the Eternal Years.

A single practice long-sustained
A soul to God-endears:
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practices all virtue well,
Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never,
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwinneth
Hope and comfort from above.
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham-
ber door;
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost,
upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost
Lenore,

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
named Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt
before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,

“ ’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door,

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;

This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my cham-
ber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened
wide the door;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore;"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore."
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than
before.
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my win-
dow lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore;
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore;
'Tis the wind and 'nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of
yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or staid he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door;
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the
Nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Evermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before;
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it mutters is its only stock
 and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
 disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one
 burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
 bore,
 Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
 bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to link-
 ing
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
 yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
 bird of yore
 Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my
 bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
 clining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
 gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloat-
 ing o'er,
 She shall press, ah, nevermore.





King Lear—"I might have saved her; now she's gone forever !

Cordelia, Cordelia! Stay a little. Ha!

What is it thou sayst? Her voice was ever soft."

—*King Lear, Act V. Scene II.—Between the Camps*

Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer,
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here
ashore

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted,

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plu-
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming;

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor,

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

E. A. POB.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern:

I make a sudden sally

And sparkle out among the ferns,

To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,

Or slip between the ridges;

By twenty thorps, a little town,

And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied:
'Twas vain:—For Fortane on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight,
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky!
"A Home!" "a Gordon!" was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows:
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear;
"By Heaven and all its saints I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth with desperate charge
Made, for space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—Yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;

And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone—
The scattered van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"—
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,

A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand:
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dented shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon, crest and plumage gone,
Can this be haughty Marmion! * * *
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!

Good-night to Marmion."

"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease;
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around, gane Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace where?
Linger ye here. ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry,—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring,—
Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surry high;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field:
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host
Or victory and England's lost,—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly,
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!"
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—“Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!”

O woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears—

The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where waged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark

A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
DRINK: WEARY: PILGRIM: DRINK: AND: PRAY:
FOR: THE: KIND: SOUL: OF: SYBIL: GRAY:

WHO: BUILT: THIS: CROSS: AND: WELL.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied,
A monk supporting Marmion's head—
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fraught,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave
And as she stoop'd his brow to lave,—

"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she cried; "the while,—
Oh! think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal:
She—died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth," he said,—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs
Would spare me but 'a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him to delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand,
A sinful heart makes a feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.
With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;

Ever, he said, that close, and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung:

*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with the groans of the dying"*

So the notes rung;—

"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!

O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!—

By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—

The war that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swell'd the gale,

And— Stanley!—was the cry:—
A light on Marmion's visage spread.

And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.

Where we sat side by side.

On a bright May morning long ago,

When first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends.

And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling
In the land I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you are looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose them,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

Well look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;

We'll look on the stars and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her,
Oh! she'll whisper you,—“Love as unchangeably beaming
And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river.”

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, “True lovers don't sever!”

THOMAS DAVIS.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frere
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid wallie-waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne. ROBERT BURNS.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, adding, "we don't either."

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and
chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and
call,
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-
pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;

We know not to what other sphere the loved ones who
leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not
know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should
come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us
could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed
is the thought!

"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye
naught;

We may not tell it to the quick— this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or
intent;

So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead:

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag that the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced—the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” The dust-brown ranks stood fast;
“Fire!” Out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and sash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barabara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies, like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well,

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake on Stonewall's bier!

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law,

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

J. G. WHITTIER.

"NIGGGER MIGHTY HAPPY."

Hog start a-runnin' when de overseer callin';
Whipperwill holler when de jew-draps fallin';
Duck keep a-quakin' when de hard rain po'in';
Crows flock togedder when de young corn growin';
Pig gwine to squeal when de milk maid churnin';
Nigger mighty happy when de blackberries turnin'!

Squ'el go to jumpin' when de scaly-barks comin';
Bee-martin sail when de honey-bee hummin';
Lean horse nicker when de pumpkin-vine spreadin';
Rabbit back his ear when de cabbage-stalk headin';
Rooster start a-crowin' when de broad day breakin';
Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-cake bakin';

Big fish flutter when he done cotch de cricket;
Bullfrog libely when he's singin' in the thicket;
Mule get slicker when de plantin' time over;
Colt mighty ga'ly when you turn him in de clover;
An' it come mighty handy to de nigger man nater
When he soppin' in de gravy wid a big yam 'tater!

Blacksnake waitin' while de old hen hatchin';
Sparrer-hawk lookin' while de little chickens scratchin';
Big owl jolly when de little bird singin';
'Possum gwine to clam whar de ripe 'simmons swingin';
Nigger mighty happy—ef he aint wuf a dollar—
When he startin' out co'tin' wid a tall stan'in' collar!

J. A. MACON.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing,
To arms! to arms! ye brave.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee!
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave.
ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air.
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
 Shatter'd and sunder'd,
Then they rode back—but not,
 Not the six hundred,

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell;
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know—
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angel's high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah! who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in the eyes that here were love lit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,—
Who would endure?

E. C. STEDMAN.

IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls' annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the league drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears,

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-purpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout: God save our lord
the king!

‘And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine amidst the
ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.’

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre’s plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed while, like a guid-
ing star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-
varre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Mayenne hath
turned his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is
slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down, with every foreigner; but let your brethren
go"—

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Na-
varre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lor-
raine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the host may
know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
His church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Na-
varre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp Monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that your arms be
bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of
the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior.

His brow was sad; his eyes beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads
Like the ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!
I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.
I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.
From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.
O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"
"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!
"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall sleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creature's lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work !
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tones could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE
HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride—
But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs—
“The wine is left behind!”

“Good lack!” quoth he—“yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from toe to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay:

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tried:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit—
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here—
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
"My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain—
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute:
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF ROME CCCLX.

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;
From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;
From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the Western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.
There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn the thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the thirty
Have their glad answer given;
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—
Go forth beloved of heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"
And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men,
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten,
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.
But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.
Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

I wis, in all the senate
 There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the consul—
 Up rose the fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
 Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
Out spake the consul roundly:
 “The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town.”

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear:
“To arms! to arms! sir consul—
 Lars Porsena is here.”
On the low hills to westward
 The consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer, fast, and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
 The trampling and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears.
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car,
By the right wheel rode Mamilius
Prince of the Latian name,
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat toward him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame—
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play—
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

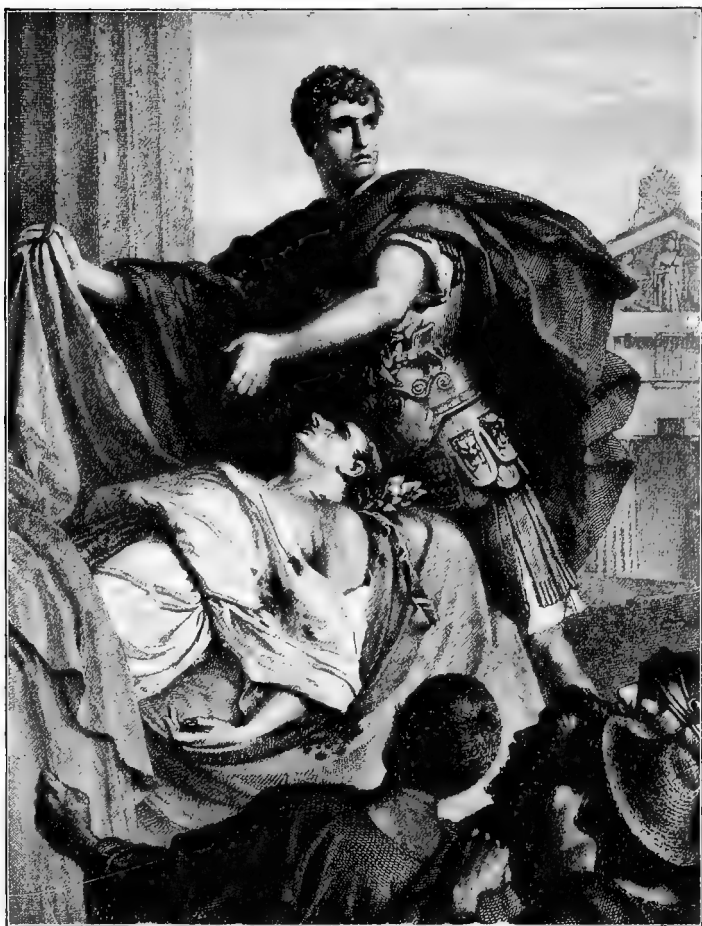
"Horatius" quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party—
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax;
And fathers, mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.





Antony—"This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart."
—*Julius Cæsar, Act III. Scene II.—The Forum.*

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.
The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.
Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.
Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow;

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space—
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.

There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three,
And from the ghastly entrance,
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank—like boys who, unaware,
Ranging a wood to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now, and forward,
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!"

Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all—
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius—
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;

And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace!”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,

And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
And still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high—
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright billow roved,
To meet on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright
rings,
Fell o'er her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been
known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!
THOMAS MOORE.

A SONG OF EASTER.

Sing, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that death no more
is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening
spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes
ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the
sun;
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, little children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast
doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring.

So may we find release at last from sorrow and from
pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn
again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling
grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall
be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace,—
That winter yields to spring,—
Sing, little children, sing!

CELIA THAXTER.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself, 
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful, less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer,
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the sickle's rush
Through wheat fields, or the fall of showers,
Or by some cabin door a bush
Of rugged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust. ALICE CARY.

CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel, excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell,
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere;
Come, worship here, come, worship here;
In ritual and faith excel,"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed ye ancient landmarks well,"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well, is well, is well,"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith:
O, swell, ye rising waters, swell,"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works, as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell:
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well, do well, do well, do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell,"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven:
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell, farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell:
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life: be just and right.
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell:
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see,
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell, we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm
That beat against my breast,
Rage on,—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meager train,
Come on,—your threats I brave;

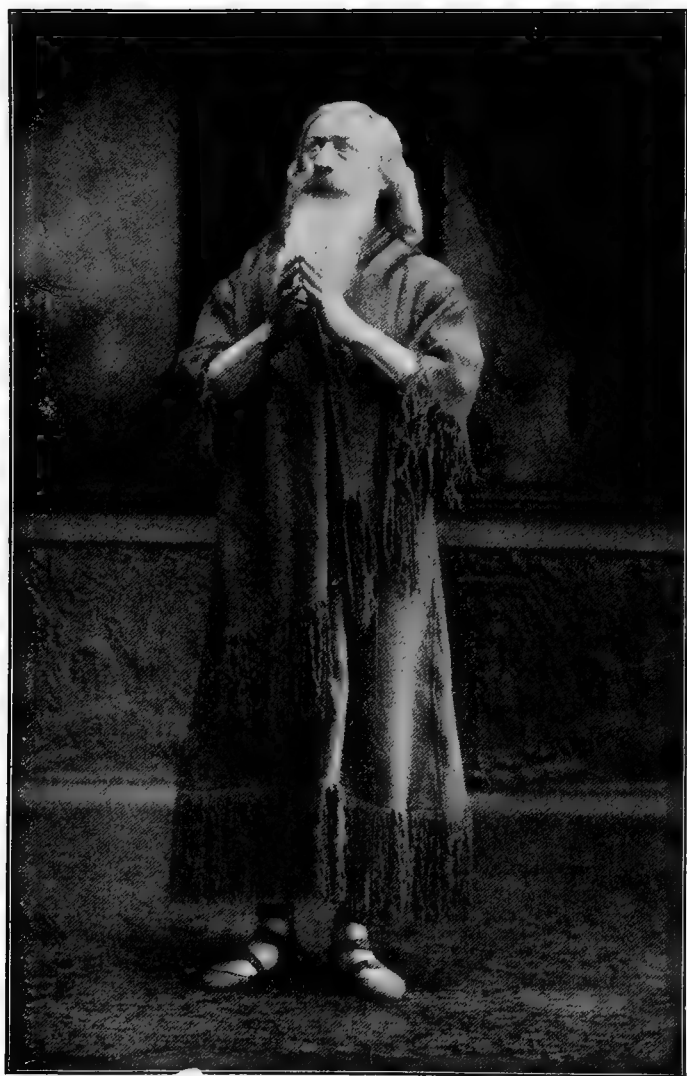
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on,—I heed you not;
You may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its highborn smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep,—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure,—O why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD.



WRESTLING JACOB.

FIRST PART.

Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long,

I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move.
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Savior, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plow, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow; boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

...

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed;
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head:
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,

But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys,—
The Lord be hallowed!

Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shriveled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.

There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
You're all born and bred,

'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see 't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill, wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head,
I shall nevermore be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,

The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed,
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head;
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above.
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,

"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem,—
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

* * * * *

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round,—
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;

The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL

HYMN TO CHRIST:

AS THE REVEALER OF LOVE.

There is no love like Thy love,
Who lovest to the cross;
No love so pure and high love
As Thine who countest loss
Whatever pleasure bringeth
Of sweetness and caress,
And smil'st while sorrow stingeth,
If sorrowing Thou canst bless.

O love beyond all praising!
O life with love made fair!
My heart is faint with gazing
Across the radiant air,
And back to that pure glory
Which in the eye of faith

Surrounds the simple story
Of Thy pure life and death.

Not all the dreams of sages
Who sought in vain to see,
Nor all the yearning ages,
Had formed a thought of Thee—
Of love so sweet and tender,
Of heart so strong and leal,
Or such sublime surrender
Of self to others' weal.

The old heroic stories,
The tales of woman's truth,
And all the purest glories
Of courage, patience, ruth,
Which moved the world the deepest,
Thou lightly bear'st away,
And in Thy brightness keepest,
Like starlight locked in day.

And now wher'er the motion
Of goodness stirs a soul,
It turns to Thy devotion,
A needle to its pole.
For Thou hast rendered real
To sight and so to hope,
The shadowy-seen ideal
With which we could not cope.

To-day Thy standard flowing,
A larger host would bring,
To follow with its going,
Than ever followed king;

From every tribe and nation
Come out in quenchless faith,
And ardent consecration,
To move with Thee to death.

Whatever pure and holy
On earth is found, to Thee
In worship fond and lowly
Bends down the willing knee.
And every fair affection,
And aspiration sweet,
And gentle recollection,
Instinctive finds Thy feet.

How, O Thou wondrous Being,
Thy life with ours is wrought;
Thou fillest all our seeing,
And shapest all our thought.
In everything around us
Of life and earth, we see
The truth that Thou hast found us,
The presence, Lord, of Thee.

For earth, our home, is brighter
That Thou hast touched its clay;
The very day is lighter
From some supreamer day;
And night is softly ringing
In all her depths afar,
With starry armies singing
The song of Bethlehem's Star.

I cannot tell the manner
Thou fillest all to me,

How every sunset banner
Is blazoned out with Thee,
And seems before the portals
Of some diviner west,
To marshal weary mortals
Onward into rest.

Apart in forest bowers,
When Spring is laughing by,
I see Thee in the flowers
That open to the sky;
Each standing meekly, purely
Upon the hallowed sod,
And whispering low—O surely
I have been touched by God!

For hence is no forgetting
That such a love has been,
And thought keeps ever setting
Each pleasant thing and scene
In its sublime relation
To pure and perfect love;
Till all the lower creation
Grows one with that above.

There is no love like Thy love—
Like Thy love, Lord, to me;
O live in me that my love
May rise and flow to Thee!
With all Thy taking, take me
Unto Thy inmost heart,
And by Thy love-power make me
What Thou, O Savior, art!

WADE ROBINSON.

NOW AND THEN.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Now—we are toiling through a weary life,
Then—we shall rest;
Now—we are battling with the sin and strife,
Then—we shall rest.
Now—we are groaning 'neath a heavy load,
Our feet grow weary of the dusty road,
The upland path is steep, the hills we climb,
Lead surely to a peaceful sunny clime,
Then—we shall rest.

Now—we are pupils in the school of time,
Then—we shall know;
Now—we are reaching after truths sublime,
Then—we shall know.
Now—amid the mists of years,
Doubts are ours and many fears;
Soon will pass the gloom of night;
Heaven will give us cloudless light;
Then—we shall know.

Then—mind and heart will glow,
With raptures untold;
All we have longed to know
Heaven will unfold;
Then—we shall hail in song,
Him we have loved so long;
We His dear face shall see,
And through eternity
Follow the Lamb!

ELMO.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

What makes a hero? Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of gluttoned Avarice—caps tossed in air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titled name—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.

What makes a hero? An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved,
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and loved.
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown.
This is the hero's complement and crown,
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still—
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

HENRY TAYLOR.

“MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE, AND
I WILL GIVE THEE REST.”

(EXODUS xxxiii, 14.)

Hark! from the heights of glory
What voice is that I hear,
Bidding me look before me
Into the opening year?
Hark! 'Tis my name he calleth—
“Oh, heart, with doubts oppressed,
My presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest.”

I catch a glimpse, but only
A glimpse of days to be;
If the path be blest or lonely
I cannot clearly see;
But a voice of tender sweetness
Falls on this heart depressed—
“My presence shall go with thee
And I will give thee rest.”

I see the pathway dreary,
With no sun’s rays between,
When this heart will feel so weary
Of every earthly scene;
But I know, whate’er may meet me,
With this promise I am blest—
“My presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest.”

I see the road just winding
Into a vale of woe,
Yet I go forth, not minding,
Since Christ will lead, I know;
For he saith, lest I should falter,
With undue trouble pressed—
“My presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest.”

Perchance that path of sorrow
These feet may never tread,
Then wherefore should I borrow
From the future aught of dread?
Whate’er of woe betideth,
This thought shall fill my breast—
Christ’s presence shall go with me,
And He will give me rest.

And if through Jordan's river
My feet shall have to go,
And I pass away forever
From this sad vale of woe,
Surely his voice will whisper,
Ere I can be distressed—
"My presence shall go with thee
And I will give thee rest."

FAIRELIE THORNTON.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The warrior bowed his crested head and tamed his heart
of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned
sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive
train;
I pledge thee faith:—my liege, my lord, oh, break my
father's chain!"
"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
this day;
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on
his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed
And urged, as if with lance in rest, his charger's foamy
speed.
And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glit-
tering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the
land.

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
 is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long
 to see."
His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheeks'
 hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there
 dismounting bent—
A lowly knee to earth he bent—his father's hand he took;
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?
That hand was cold! a frozen thing!—it dropped from
 his like lead:
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er his noble brow—that brow was fixed
 and white!
He met at length his father's eyes—but in them was no
 sight!
Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed; but who can
 paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and
 amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form
 he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his
 lip the blood.
"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like
 childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
 men.
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young
 renown,
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust
 sat down;

There, covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly
mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword
for now;
My king is false! my hope betrayed! my father—oh, the
worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!
I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside
thee yet;
I would that there, on Spain's free soil, our kindred blood
had met;
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then, for thee my
fields were won—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou
hadst no son!"
He started from the ground once more, and seized the
monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and 'wilderer looks of all the courtier
train,
With a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse
led.
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the
dead!
"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to
kiss?
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what
is this?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer,
Where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay!
Into these glassy eyes put light: be still, keep down thine
ire;

Bid those white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not
my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my
blood was shed!
Thou canst not—and a king? his dust be mountains on
thy head!"
He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell;—upon the
silent face,
He cast one long, deep troubled glance, then turned from
that sad place.
Despair, and grief, and baffled love, o'erwhelmed his soul
at last—
The time for Vengeance will arrive, when Sorrow's hour
is past.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE FADED VIOLET.

You gave it me long years ago,
In the shadowy evening time—
While the clouds stole round the mountain side,
And the bells rang out a chime.
The blossoms listened at our feet—
The trees stooped from above.
You said, "This flower will say for me
All that my heart says—love."
'Tis long ago, but I have yet
That little faded violet.
And life was at its zenith then;
The world ne'er seemed so bright,
For the sweetest story ever told
I've kissed my violet blue,

And said, "E'en as I keep my flower,
So will my love be true."
Ah me—I have it hidden yet—
That little faded violet.

We parted long, long months ago
With not a sigh to tell
That once in far-off happy days,
We two had loved so well.
We parted with but few cold words,
We two who oft had said
Not all the world should come between.
Ah well—the love was dead—
The love was dead, but yet, but yet,
I keep my faded violet.

ANONYMOUS.

SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that hae budded,
Been blighted i' the cauld,
An' lammies that hae perished,
Because they left the fauld;
But cower ye in aneath His wings
Wha died upon the tree,
An' gathers in His bosom
Helpless weans like you and me.

In the warld there's tribulation;
In the warld there's wae;
But the warld it is bonnie,
For our Father made it sae;

Then brichten up your armour,
An' be happy as ye gang,
Though your sky be aften clouded,
It winna be for lang.

ANONYMOUS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: Thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm lxxiv*, 16, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee,
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine!

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

ONLY A CURL.

Friends of faces unknown and a land
Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand
With a single gold curl in the hand
Held up to be looked at by me.

While you asked me to ponder and say
What a father and mother can do,
With the bright fellow-locks put away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay
Where the violets press nearer than you,—

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak woman's tears for relief?
Oh, children!—I never lost one,
Yet my arm's round my own little son
And Love knows the secret of Grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,
When God draws a new angel so
Through the house of a man up to His,
With a murmur of music you miss,
And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the door,
Where the face of your angel flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh,—
Nay, there let me break with your pain;
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which He gives I deny
That He ever can take back again.

He gives what He gives. I appeal
To all who bear babes,—in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent around us, while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power

And the babe cries,—has each of us known
By apocalypse (God being there
Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

He's ours and forever. Believe,
O father—O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give,
Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what He gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given—be sure!
God lend! Where the usurers lent
In His temple, indignant He went
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather—amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—

Or keep—as a mother may toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! you, who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the Heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are—speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
Then courage. 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
To the safe place above us. Adieu!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want ye to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round
A pullin' my whiskers and hair,

A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high-chair.

"The first night that she took it,
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good-night to papa,
And went away to bed—
Sez she, 'It headache, papa,
Be better in mornin'—bye;
An' somethin' in how she said it
Just made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red of her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she laid there jest ez patient
Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better'n a woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow
An' she's growin' wus in each;
An' now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out ov our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in the mornin'—bye!'

"She can't get through the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say

Not that the baby needs it ,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think that He's needin'
The smile of the little saint."

I walked along with the corporal,
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
Before had already come;
And if he had been a titled prince,
I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby
Lies panting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face,
With answer that shows she knows him;
But scarcely a visible trace.

All her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before
The unseen, silent messenger
Had waited at the door.
"Papa—kiss—baby—I's—so—tired."
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
In baby's last embrace.
And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,

While her husky whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would wring,
"Baby——is——so——sick——papa——
But——don't——want——you——to——cry!"
The little hands fall on the coverlet—
"Be——better——in——mornin'——bye!"

And night around baby is falling,
Settling down dark and dense;
Does God need their darling in Heaven
That He must carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice,
As the corporal solemnly knelt,
With such grief as never before
His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women!
Do you know that around you, and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty
Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling,
How can I let you die?"
Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper—
"Be——better——in——mornin'——bye!"

LEANDER S. COAN.

NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown Holland apron she stood in the kitchen;
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?
How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow;
Ah me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.
At last when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly: "Please go,
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the
dough."
I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said: "No, sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.
I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

JOHN A. FRASER, JR.

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK-BED OF A
CHILD.

Savior that of woman born,
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,
Thou with whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love;
Hear and aid!

Low he lies, my precious child,
With his spirit wandering wild
From its gladsome tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away:—

Savior, aid!

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now;
Round his lip is quivering strife,
In his hand unquiet life;

Aid, oh! aid!

Savior! loose the burning chain
From his fevered heart and brain,
Give, oh! give his young soul back
Into its own cloudless track!

Hear and aid!

MRS. HEMANS.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide,
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie, I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side;
Where all the ransomed and angels be,
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's angel is waiting for me.

For none return from those spirit shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
And when perchance the well-known hail
Again shall echo along the strand,
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and
Birney
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose
highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak
and pine
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our
ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column
And his heart at our war-cry leaped up at a bound.
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder;
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign.
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the
louder—
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole
line!"

How he strode his brown steed! how we saw his blade
brighten

In the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth;
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the valley infernal,
Asking where to go in, through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel;
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, coil the black shroud of the night at Chantilly
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul! foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride.
Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drum-
mer's sign,
Rides on as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is, "Forward!" along the whole line.

E. C. STEDMAN.

SPEAK TO US, LORD.

Speak to us, Lord,
For, faint and weary,
We tread with faltering step the world's highway,
While overhead, all dark and dreary,
Storm clouds are chasing
Fondest hopes away.
And fairy promises are fading
As fade the stars at the dawn of day.
Speak to us, Father, from Thy throne above,
Whisper some message of tenderest love.

Smile on us, Lord,
We need Thy favor,
Poor wanderers o'er a dark and stormy main,
In vain we seek to gain a peaceful haven,
The murmuring billows
Sigh, "In vain, in vain!"
Our sails are torn, our trusty cable's gone,
The darkness gathers, and the night winds
moan.
Shine on our way, thou Star of Bethlehem, shine,
And fill these troubled hearts with peace divine.

ELMO.

FAREWHEEL.

Fareweel, my wee lassie, fareweel,
Ye were dear as the licht to mine e'e,
And nae ane can ken what I feel
In this sorrowfu' parting wi' thee.
A welcome wee stranger thou wert,
But ye didna bide lang wi' us here.
Ye came like the spring to my heart,
But ye left all withered and sere.
Ah! Mary, I canna but weep,
For my heart was sae wrapt up in thee,
I'd fain think ye're gane but to sleep,
And ye'll come once again to my knee.
O, thou wert a beam of delight
Which sae lighted my heart up wi' joy!
I ne'er thought ye'd fade from my sight,
Or that death would come to destroy.

And the bairns are a' weepin' for thee,
For they've lost their wee playmate an' a',
And Johnnie creeps up on my knee,
And he asks if ye'll aye be awa'.

What though to forget thee I try,
And the words that ye lispit to me,
The streams o' this heart winna dry,
And all nature 's the memory o' thee.

The sweet little birdies that sing,
And the innocent lambs on the lea,
The bonnie wee flowers o' the spring
Are a' but faint shadows o' thee.

If this weary world is all,
If in gladness we'll meet not again,
Let nature be wrapt in a pall,
For affection and beauty are vain.

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

"Thanks be to God for the mountains."

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage
Struck forth as by thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
O God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where Thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
O God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for *Thy* communion
Have sought the mountain sod—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of Thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows, and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of a rose;
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,
On the South and the East by dreams,
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtain of your dear eyes,
Those eyes of a bright blue-bell,
And we will sail out under starlit skies,
To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep our barque shall sweep,
Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Where no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song, as we float along,
To that shore that is blessed of God,
Then ho! for that fair land! We're off for that rare land!
That beautiful Land of Nod.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

Though Earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream bursting forth from the
throne

Flows on, and forever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair Tree of Life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost! whom we loved on this earth,
With whose mem'ries our bosoms yet glow;
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled,
To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty nor splendor bestow;
But the presence of HIM, the unchanging I AM!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go?
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

BERNARD BARTON.

LIFE.

I made a posie, while the day ran by:
"Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band."
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.
My hand was next to them, and then my heart,
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent;
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And, after death, for cures,
I follow straight, without complaints or grief;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE PLAIDIE.

Upon ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lasses—
And the sweetest I maintain
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.
She said that the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wad na hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain:
“Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your plaidie,
I'll gang awa hame in the rain!”
But, on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This selfsame winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, “Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?”

CHARLES SIBLEY.

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warped as we,
 Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Love has come and gone again;
We were bound and we were free;
Love beloved of wiser men
Never stays too long with me.
This was just the golden hour!
Since the shadow of regret—
Odor of a faded flower—
Sweetens my resentment yet.
When it seems no sin to say,
"All my love I dare not tell!"
Could I then foresee this day?
While I loved, I loved you well.
Seas shall sing, though lips be dumb;
Winters laugh with leaping streams
Amber fields of summer come,
Smiling, spite of haggard dreams
I shall find what peace there is!
Sweetheart lost, adieu, adieu!
Lips of mine you will not miss;
Other loves will comfort you.

ANONYMOUS.

SPRING.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plowed hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throistles too.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them`fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods.

The woods by living airs
How freshly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land!

Oh, follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
Oh, heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus-cup,
Like snow-drops, pure!

Past, future, glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew,
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

Lord! come away!
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready, and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet,
Ride on triumphantly! Behold, we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way—
Hosanna! and Thy glorious footsteps greet!

Welcome, oh, welcome! to our hearts! Lord, here,
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin.
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane that holy place.

Which Thou hast chosen there to set Thy face;
And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,
The stones from out the temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call—
Hosanna! and Thy glorious footsteps greet!
JEREMY TAYLOR.

HEBREW HYMN.

When Israel of the Lord belov'd
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her mov'd,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And *Thou* hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of *Thee* a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

.

And oh! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be *Thou* long suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But *Thou* hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are more accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.
Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
 These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky
 That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.



AN AMATEUR HAMLET.



If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way.
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.
When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly;
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

ANONYMOUS.

MAJESTY IN MISERY;*

OR, AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

Great Monarch of the World, from whose Power Springs
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe my Suffering sings:

*Written in captivity in Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, November, 1648.

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in Truth's Seraphic Line,
To track the Treasons of Thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by Thy Divine Decree
The only Root of Righteous Royaltie,
With this dim Diadem invested me:

With it the sacred Scepter, Purple Robe,
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe;
Yet am I leveled with the life of Job.

The fiercest Furies, that do daily tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Dis-crowned Head,
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

They raise a War, and Christen it *The Cause*.
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and Murder are the Kingdom's Laws;

Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation*,
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation*,
Oppression gains the name of *Sequestration*.

My loyal Subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me, by the Law of God and Reason,
They dare impeach and punish for High Treason.

Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown;
Pious Episcopacy must go down;
They will destroy the Crosier and the Crown.

Churchmen are chained and Schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,
The Crown is crucified with the Creed.

The Church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurped by each imposter
Extempore excludes the *Pater Noster*.

The *Presbyter* and *Independent* seed
Springs with broad blades; to make Religion bleed,
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner-stone's misplaced by every Pavier;
With such a bloody method and behavior
Their Ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful Womb
So many Princes legally have come,
Is forced in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

Great Britain's Heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance;
Poor child! He weeps at his Inheritance.

With my own Power my Majesty they wound
In the King's name the King himself's uncrowned;
So doth the Dust destroy the Diamond.

With Propositions daily they enchant
My People's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
To make Me great, t' advance my Diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them.

But, for refusal, they devour my Thrones,
Distress my Children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My Life they prize at such a slender rate
That in my absence they draw Bills of hate,
To prove the King a Traitor to the State.

Felons obtain more privilege than I:
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason Why.

But, Sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed
As to condemn those Edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,
Preserve my Issue, and inspire my Mate:
Yet, though We perish, bless this Church and State.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel? .
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.

My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair,—
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
 That thirled through my heart, ^
 They're a' blown by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave:
 And gin I live to keep him sae
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.
WILLIAM J. MICKLE.

THE TERRACE AT BERNE.

Ten years!—and to my waking eye
 Once more the roofs of Berne appear;
 The rocky banks, the terrace high,
 The stream,—and do I linger here?
 The clouds are on the Oberland,
 The Jungfrau snows look faint and far;
 But bright are those green fields at hand,
 And through those fields comes down the Aar,

And from the blue twin lakes it comes,
Flows by the town, the churchyard fair,
And 'neath the garden-walk it hums,
The house,—and is my Marguerite there?

Ah, shall I see thee, while a flush
Of startled pleasure floods thy brow,
Quick through the oleanders brush,
And clap thy hands, and cry, '*Tis thou?*

Or hast thou long since wandered back,
Daughter of France! to France, thy home
And flitted down the flowery track
Where feet like thine too lightly come?

Doth riotous laughter now replace
Thy smile, and rouge, with stony glare,
Thy cheek's soft hue, and fluttering lace
The kerchief that enwound thy hair?

Or is it over?—art thou dead?
Dead?—and no warning shiver ran
Across my heart, to say thy thread
Of life was cut, and closed thy span!

Could from earth's ways that figure slight
Be lost, and I not feel 'twas so?
Of that fresh voice the gay delight
Fall from earth's air, and I not know?

Or shall I find thee still, but changed,
But not the Marguerite of thy prime?
With all thy being rearranged,
Passed through the crucible of time;

With spirit vanished, beauty waned,
And hardly yet a glance, a tone,
A gesture,—anything,—retained
Of all that was my Marguerite's own?

Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean-plain,
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man nears man, meets, and leaves again.

I knew it when my life was young,
I feel it still, now youth is o'er!
The mists are on the mountain hung,
And Marguerite I shall see no more.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SEASIDE THOUGHTS.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free!
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendor steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth, her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

The fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend—
When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So when Saint Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay,
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace—then I know
He would endure with patience
And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered
 "Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
 Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
 So much outweighs your grief,
"Then, through a special mercy,
 I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
 And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
 For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
 Return here and remain
A thousand years in torment,
 A thousand years in pain;
Thus dearly you must purchase
 The comfort he will gain."

The lime-tree's shade at evening
 Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches
 Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
 A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
 No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
 What is that cold, bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
 And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

* * * * *

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale;
Why does the bridegroom shudder,
And turn so deathly pale?

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great Saint Michael
Who closed the gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

RETROSPECTION.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one

That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill,
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face.
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?

To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he has gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What terrible danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

OUR ERNEST.

SNEINTON TOWERS, GOOD FRIDAY, 1884.

"His sun went down while it was yet day; it went not down behind a cloud, but melted into the pure light of Heaven."

His sun went down in the morning,
While all was fair and bright;
But 'twas not an eclipse of darkness
That hid him from our sight:

For the valley of death was brighter
Than the hills of life he trod,
And the peace that fell on his spirit
Was the calm, deep peace of God.

He knew in whom he trusted,
He counted all things loss,
And clung with the arms of faith and love
To the Christ and to His Cross.

And from that Cross a radiance
Fell with a softening beam,
That shone through the depths of the shadowy
vale,
And brightened death's narrow stream.

His sun went down in the morning,
While all was fair and bright;
But it shines to-day on the far-way hills,
In the land that knows no night.

ELMO.

THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mold.

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The ax—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled again.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtiers, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord,
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch,
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strains,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow,
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit—in and out.

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.



POMPONIA.



A FAIR ROSALIND.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

GOOD KING WENCESLES.

Good King Wencesles looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen;
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp, and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel;
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain!"

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,

Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod,
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

She gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robes she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamonds set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp,
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break, and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

RISE, HEART; THY LORD IS RISEN. SING HIS
PRAISE.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise,
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art;

The crosse taught all wood to resound His name
Who bore the same;
His stretched sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort, both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long;
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
Oh, let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art!

I got me flowers to straw Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The Sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
Why Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavor?
We count three hundred; but we misse,
There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

I nebber breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trabbel;
I nebber digs my taters till dey plenty big to grabble;
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin',
I's fust clumb up de knowledge- tree and done some apple-
eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o' what dey wearin',

It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!
For when you heerd yo' market price, 't 'd hurt yo' little feelin's;

You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, fo' all yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs—leetle apples (for you're r'ally mighty like 'em)—

I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough its suldom I kin strike 'em;

An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tas'es.

Is dey a Sabbaf-scholah heah? Den let him 'form his mudder

How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder!

Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de prison;
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat ob his'n.

My Christian frien's, dis story proobes dat eben men is human—

He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd 'a' been a 'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about it;
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever shouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches,

Dey didn't go for stylish coats or Philadelphy breeches;
He didn't was'e his money when experunce taught him better,

But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letter!

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won't you take
 a lesson,
 An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy dressin'?
 How much yo' spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish you might
 remember,
 Yo' preacher ain't been paid a cent sence somewhar in
 November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder
 hittin'
 A-whisperin,' an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dey's
 a-sittin';
 To look at dem, an' listen at dey onrespec'ful jabber,
 It turns de milk ob human kineness mighty nigh to
 clabber!

A-A-A-MEN!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

ORIGIN OF THE HYMN.—In the autumn of 1847, the Rev. Mr. Lyte was advised to go for a time to the south of France, in the hope that a warmer climate would strengthen his failing health. Before leaving England he wished once more to preach to his people. His family feared what the result of such an effort might be, but he gently insisted, and was able to go through with the service. He knew that he was preaching for the last time, and his sermon was full of solemn and tender appeals to those whom he had guided and instructed for many years. At the end of the service he retired, exhausted in body, but with his soul sweetly resting on that Savior whom he had preached with his dying breath. As the evening drew on he handed to a member of his family the following hymn, which he had just written. This was his last hymn on earth. He reached Nice, and shortly after his spirit entered into rest. He pointed upward as he passed away, and whispered, "Peace, joy!" Thus he went to abide forever with Him who has declared it to be His divine will that His followers be with Him where He is, that they may behold His glory.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of Kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse, meanwhile
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory!
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

W. H. LYTE.

PLIGHTED.

Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty!
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake,—as mine to thee.
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
Give to a few friends hand or smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile,
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side heaven;
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee:

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world for the world's work's sake—
But each unto each, as in thy sight, *one*.

MRS. CRAIK.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshiped
there to-day;
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs
were gray.
The meetin'-house was finer built than they were years
ago;
But then I found, when I went in, it wasn't built for
show.

The sexton didn't seat me 'way back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor,
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly
through
The long aisle of that pleasant church, to find a pleasant
pew.

I wished you'd heard the singin'—it had the old-time
ring—
The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people
sing;"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward
rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps
of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the
fire,
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious
choir,
And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate
fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once
more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of
shore;
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'! well, I can't just tell all that the preacher
said;
I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went passing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner
by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth,
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed,
'Twas full of invitations to Christ—and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences straight at the finest pews,
And, though I can't see very well, I saw the falling tear
That told me hell was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy
place!

How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every
happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall
meet with friend,
Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have
no end.

I hope to meet that minister, the congregation, too,
In the dear home beyond the skies, that shines from
heaven's blue;
I trust that I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The face of God's dear servant who preached His Word
to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be
won,
The shining goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the
shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.
JOHN H. YATES.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Is heaven a place where pearly streams
Glide over silver sand;
Like childhood's rosy, dazzling dreams
Of some far fairy land?
Is heaven a clime where diamond dew
Glitter on fadeless flowers;
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers?

Ah, no, not such, not such is heaven!
Surpassing far all these;
Such cannot be the guerdon given
Man's wearied soul to please.
For saint and sinner here below
Such vain to be, have proved:
And the pure spirit will despise
Whate'er the sense has loved.

There we shall dwell with Sire and Son,
And with the Mother-Maid,
And with the Holy Spirit one,
In glory like arrayed.
And not to one created thing,
Shall our embrace be given;
For all our joy shall be in God,
For only God is Heaven.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

PRAYER.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so, the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

LORD TENNYSON.

POESY.

There breathes no being but has some pretense
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large,
The girl turned matron to her babe-like charge,
The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain;
The hot-cheeked reveler, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus "Auld lang syne;"
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn;
The jeweled beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier;
E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair,—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and sighs
If glorious visions, born for all mankind,
The bright auroras of our twilight mind;
If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
Stained on the windows of the sunset sky;
If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;

If passions, following with the winds that urge
Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest verge,—
If these on all some transient hours bestow
Of rapture tingling with its heroic glow,
Then all are poets; and, if earth had rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were told
Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

OF BOOKS.

As there might be a meadow fair to view,
And many people by that way might pass;
And one might see the grass, and one the dew,
And one alone the daisy in the grass:

So, on the pages of a written book,
Though they to all may beauteously shine,
Yet every one with his own eyes may look,
And one alone the writer's thought divine.

As, in a garden husbanded with care,
Among the blossoms brilliant-hued and grand,
May chance to grow a wilding, sweetly fair,
Which was not planted by the gardener's hand:

Which he, if it had come to meet his eye,
Had rooted up and cast away, no doubt;
And yet, some gentle nature passing by
Might single that frail floweret out;

So, on the page with careful labor wrought,
The writer on one purpose all intent,
A better mind may find a better thought—
A higher meaning than was ever meant.

But whether books be meadows fresh and green,
Or whether they but cultured gardens be,
Whoever rambles through them, still must glean
Only such flowers as he has eyes to see.

ADA CRANAHAN.

PATIENCE.

Were there no night we could not read the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;
Freedom is best seen through the prison-bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss,
When blessings fade away we see them then,
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,
Before the lily opens to the sky;
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth
In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

"Life out of death" is Heaven's unwritten law,
Nay, it is written in a myriad forms;
The victor's palm grows on the fields of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;
The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear—
Nay, we will cast it at our Savior's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

HENRY BURTON.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that 'round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

J. W. VON GOETHE

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns;
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,

Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And O, pray, too, for me!

W. S. LANDOR.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to being's severing link.
O, in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortals' waters drink
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

LORD BYRON

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had broke;"
I asked him, What is time? "Time," he replied,
"I've lost it: Ah, the treasure!" and he died!

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify, or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize."

I asked a spirit lost, but, O the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said
"Thine is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set!"

I asked old father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"By heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's o'er!
Time was," he cried—"but Time shall be no more!"

JAMES MARSDEN.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east—
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell, 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud—
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene

T. BUCHANAN READ.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest,
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

MAKIN' AN EDITOR OUTEN O' HIM.

"Good mornin', sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day?
I'm glad you're to home, for you fellers is al'ays a runnin'
away.
Your paper last week wa'n't so spicy nor sharp as the one
week before;
But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be
whoopin' it up to 'em more.
That feller that's printin' *The Smasher* is goin' for you
perty smart;
And our folks said this mornin' at breakfast, they thought
he was gettin' the start.
But I hushed 'em right up in a minute, and said a good
word for you;
I told 'em I b'lieved you was tryin' to do just as well as
you knew;

And I told 'em that some one was sayin', and whoever
 'twas it is so,
That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame
 him for what he don't know.
But, layin' aside *pleasure* for business, I've brought you
 my little boy Jim;
And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor
 outen o' him.

"My family stock is increasin', while other folks seem
 to run short.
I've got a right smart of a family—it's one of the old-
 fashioned sort:
There's Ichabod, Isaac and Israel, a workin' away on the
 farm,
They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things
 go off like a charm.
There's Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a
 couple of eels;
But they're tol'able steady in one thing—they al'ays git
 round to their meals.
There's Peter, is busy inventin' (though *what* he invents I
 can't see),
And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em
 boardin' with me.
There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my
 farm for himself,
And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so he is laid
 on the shelf.
The rest of the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt,
 which is Jim,
And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen
 o' him.

"He ain't no great shakes for to labor, though I've
 labored with him a good deal,
And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he
 couldn't help but to feel;
But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin'
 about him is big,
Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a
 pig.
I keep him carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the
 jugs,
And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin'
 the bugs;
And then there's things to be doin' a helpin' the women
 in-doors;
There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descrip-
 tions of chores;
But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never
 be much, I'm afraid,
So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the
 editor's trade.
His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather
 too slim,
But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor
 outen o' him.

"It ain't much to get up a paper, it wouldn't take him
 long for to learn;
He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good
 strappin' fellow to turn,
And things that was once hard in doin' is easy enough
 now to do;
Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your
 arrangements right through.

I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up,
and how;
But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all
plain enough now.
And poetry, too, is constructed by machines of different
designs,
Each one with a gauge and a chopper, to see to the
length of the lines;
And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker
than grease,
And a-ventin' her heaven-born productions at a couple
of dollars apiece;
An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be
easy enough, I've a whim,
If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen o' Jim."
The editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in
the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mourn-
fully made his reply:
"Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Sol-
omon both?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a
natural oath?
Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his
heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a six-
pence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an
impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-
dozen at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick
and reliable touch,

And be sure that he knows how much *to* know, and
knows how to not know too much?

Does he know how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-
rein on his pride?

Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros'
hide?

Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerful
ness, courage, and vim?

If so, we perhaps can be 'makin' an editor outen o' him.'"

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his
visage o'erspread,

And he said: "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably
out of his head." WILL M. CARLETON.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING- CLAY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?

It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.

Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?

Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:

Each fainter trace that memory holds,
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track,
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above, or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure;
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing
Forgetting what it was to die.

LORD BYRON.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Among the Watchmen in Germany, a singular custom prevails, of chanting devotional hymns as well as songs of a national or amusing character, during the night. Of the former description of pieces, the following is a specimen, the several stanzas being chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below, from God in heaven.

CHORUS.

Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through his eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the gospel to mankind.

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Savior's name.

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in hour of need.

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbors choose the best for thee.

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly Host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

Human watch, etc.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Capt. Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken, and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, Sept. 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion and brutal treatment received at the hands of his captors have suggested the following:

'Twas in the year that gave the Nation birth—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington, a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force,
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face, . .

A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork;
In culture, grace and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

“Young man,” he said with kindly air,
“Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you, in reaching this resolve, considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength—the act, the risk,
You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance which
Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
Should capture follow in the British camp?”

In tones of fitting modesty that well
Became his years, the patriot answered thus:
“My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
My highest purpose to defend; that country's foes
Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
The loss of those who late our standards bore;
Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
Of those now cold in death are not replaced
By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—

Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
 The schools have given me capacities
 This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise
 Should not deter me from the act
 Whose issue makes our country free. In times
 Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
 A single life depends. If mine be deemed
 A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
 Deliverance."

"Enough: go then, at once," the great
 Commander said. "May Heaven's guardian angels give
 You safe return. Adieu."

* * * * *

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
 The sound, and moved through British camp
 Without discovery by troops or refugees.
 The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
 Munitions, guns—all military accoutrements—
 Were noted with exact precision; while,
 With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
 Casemated battery, magazine, and every point
 Strategic was drawn with artist's skill.

The task complete, the spy with heart
 Elate now sought an exit through the lines.
 Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence
 A waiting boat would bear him to his friends.
 His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
 His single hand might turn the tide of war—
 His country yet be free.

"Halt!" A British musket leveled at
 His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.

A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else
Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troops stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp would prove his truckling loyalty
With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

O Judas, self-condemned thou art
But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
Who ere and since thy time betrayed to death
A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed—
A base example to earth's weaker souls.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. "Base dog!" the haughty general said:
"Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
An honest man, but in a rebel's hands they're vile
And mischevious. If aught may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp,
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: "You know my name—
My rank;—my treacherous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.

FAVORITE POEMS.

The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude
Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
But dastards fear to overthrow.

“For tyrant loyalty your lordship represents
I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
His trembling soul might well condemn.”

“I'll hear no more such prating cant,”
Said Howe; “Your crime's enough to hang a dozen men.
Before tomorrow's sun shall rise you'll swing
’Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
May know a British camp is dangerous ground
For prowling spies. Away.”

In loathsome cell, deprived
Of holy sacrament, and e'en the word of Him
Who cheered the thief upon the cross—refused
The means wherewith he would indite his last
Farewell to her who gave him life,
And to another whose young heart
The morrow's work would shade in gloom—
He passed the night in charge of one whom Satan had
Commissioned hell's sharpest torments to inflict.

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached
Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes

Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:

“Men, I do not die in vain.
My humble death upon this tree will light anew
The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
Before will strike for country, home, and God,
And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
Eternal plan to make this people free.
A million prayers go up this day to free
The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne;
The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land—
This glorious land—is free—is free!

“My friends, farewell! In dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in freedom's cause.”

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

LAY OF THE MADMAN.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

Many a year hath passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,
Since last I roamed in the light of day
Or mingled my own with another's tear.
Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
Woe to them all when I roam again!

Here have I watched in this dungeon cell
Longer than memory's tongue can tell;

Here have I shrieked in my wild despair
When the dammed fiends from their prison came,
Sported and gamboled and mocked me here,
With their eyes of fire and tongues of flame,
Shouting forever and aye my name!

And I strove in vain to burst my chain,
And longed to be free as the winds again,
That I might spring in the wizard ring,
And scatter them back to their hellish den!

Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
Woe to them all when I roam again!

How long have I been in this dungeon here?
Little I know and nothing I care.

What to me is the day or night,
Summer's heat or autumn seer,
Springtide flowers or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear?

Time! what care I for thy flight—
Joy! I spurn thee with disdain;
Nothing love I but this clanking chain,
Once I broke from its iron hold,
Nothing I said, but silent and bold,
Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair
Hours upon hours, so watched I there;
Till one of the fiends that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley and drink from the spring,
Stalked through my dungeon-entrance in!

Ha! how he shrieked to see me free!
Ho! how he trembled and knelt to me!
He who had mocked me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray:
Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!
I wreathed my hands in the demon's hair,
And choked his breath in his muttered prayer;
And danced I then in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright!
Gods! how I crushed his hated bones
'Gainst the jagged walls and the dungeon stones;
And plunged my arm adown his throat,
And dragged to life his beating heart,
And held it up that I might gloat
To see its quivering fibers start.

Ho! how I drank of the purple flood,
Quaffed and quaffed again of blood,
Till my brain grew dark and I knew no more
Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
Fettered and I held by this iron chain!
Ho! when I break its links again!
Ha! when I break its links again!
Woe to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, my soul is sad,
And devils mock and call me mad;
Light of day or ray of sun.
Friend of hope, I've none—I've none.
The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
Though he's known me for many a day.

The slimy toad, with its diamond eye,
Watches, afar but comes not nigh.
The craven rat, with her filthy brood
Pilfers and gnaws at my scanty food;
And when I strive to make her play,
Snaps at my fingers and flees away.

They called me mad and leave me here
To my burning thoughts and the fiends' despair;
Never to hear soft pity's sigh;
Never to gaze on mortal eye—
Doomed through life, if life it be,
To helpless, hopeless misery.

Oh! if a single ray of light
Could pierce the gloom of this endless night—
If the cheerful tones of a human voice
Could make the depths of my heart rejoice;
If a single thing had loved me here
I'd ne'er have crouched to the fiends' despair.

They come again, they tear my brain;
They tumble a dart through every vein.
Oh! could I break this cursed chain,
Then would I spring in the wizard ring
And scatter them back to their hellish den!
Ha! when I break its links again—
Ho! when I break its links again—
Woe to the daughters and sons of men!
Woe to them all when I roam again.

OFTEN THERE IS NEED FOR TRIALS

JOHN G. QUINIUS.

If you share with other's pleasure,
Share with them their tears.
Sorrow shared doth bring as treasure
Heart that never fears.

Each will have his share of sorrow.
Pain is ever near.
Here on earth we oft must borrow
Strength from those most dear.

Often there is need for trials—
Would the glory in the sky
Cleanse and purge you, as denials
Forced upon you from on high?

When the day brings joy and comfort,
How the hours take wing;
When the sunlight floods the valleys,
Easy 'tis to sing.

Teach us Lord to praise, though sorrow
Seemingly us pain doth give,
Knowing that to-day, to-morrow,
Through all time thy love doth live.

Thou who knowest all wilt never
Err in giving joy or pain;
E'en though death life's cord doth sever,
We eternal life will gain.

WHICH ONE?

One of us, dear—

But one—

Will sit by a bed with a marvelous fear,

And clasp a hand

Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—

Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—

But one—

Will stand by the other's coffin bier,

And look and weep,

While those marble lips strange silence keep—

Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—

But one—

By an open grave will drop a tear,

And homeward go,

The anguish of an unshared grief to know—

Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be.

It may be *you* will slip from *me*,

Or perhaps my life may first be done—

Darling, which one?

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

THE HONEST DEACON.

An honest man was Deacon Ray,
And though a Christian good,
He had one fault,—the love of drink,
For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too,
He would at dinner-time
Indulge to quite a great extent
In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side,
The deacon had his pew;
Another worthy, Squire Lee,
He had a seat there too.

One Sunday, the sermon done,
The parson said he'd talk
In language plain, that afternoon,
Of sins within their flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch
If he should be severe.
Each thought his neighbor'd get dressed down;
So all turned out hear.

The church at early hour was full;
The deacon, some behind,
Came in quite late; for he had been
Indulging in his wine.

FAVORITE POEMS.

And up the long and ample isle
He stiffly tottered on;
And, by the time he'd reached his seat,
The sermon had begun.

The parson of transgressors spoke,
And of the wrath to flee;
And soon he to the query came,—
“The drunkard—where is he?”

A pause; and then the deacon rose,
And answered like a man,—
Though with a hiccup in his voice,—
“Here, parson,—hic—'ere I am.”

Of course the consternation
Was great on every side:
For who'd have thought the deacon
Would thus aptly have replied?

The preacher, not the least disturbed,
With his remarks kept on,
And warned him to forsake his ways;
The deacon then sat down.

'Twas soon another question came,
With no more welcome sound,—
“Where is the wicked hypocrite?”
This made them all turn round.

Some looked at this one, some at that,
As if they would inquire

Who 'twas the parson meant;
His eyes were on the squire.

The deacon, noting how things stood,
Turned round and spoke to Lee:
"Come, squire,—hic—come, you get up;
I did when he called to me."

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

ONLY A PIN.

Only a pin, yet it calmly lay,
On the carpet floor in the light of day;
And shone serene and clear and bright,
Reflecting back the noon-day light.

Only a boy, yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin,
He stooped for awhile, with look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair, but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor could the keenest eye discern
That heavenward its point did turn.

Only a man, but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair; when—bang! whiz! pop!
Like a cork from a bottle of champagne
He bounded right up from that chair again.

Only a yell, but an honest one.
It lacked the remotest idea of fun;
And man and boy, and pin and chair,
In close communion mingled there.

Only the pin out of all the four
Alone no trace of damage bore;
The man was mad and dreadfully sore;
He lathered that boy behind and before,

The chair lay smashed upon the floor,
Its seat was not hurt, but the boy was raw.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN

HANS BLEIMER'S MOOL.

Hans Bleimer sthood by dot burning shkip
Midt two hands on his mool;
Der mool he shumped, Hans used his vip,
Und called dot beasht a fool.

Of course dot mool he vood not go,
He vas schared so by dot fire;
So Hans he hits dot mool a blow
Dot raised its heels up higher.

Und still dot shtubborn mool shtood by
Mit his two feets outd before;
His eye vas vild, his tail vost high,
Vile round der flames did roar.

Den Hans, he tinks dat game's played out,
So he dries some oder plan,
To dhrive dot shweet—mool uf dat shkip
Und bringt him safe by landt.

Der man in der moon shmiled to de East,
Und de stars midt fun vinked out,
Der vishes fildt dare teeth for a feast,
Und Hans Bleimer vendt his plans about.

Den Hans he takes kwick off his coats,
His face vos schared und bale.
Und midt six hundred vicked oats,
He vendt for dot shtrong mool's dail.

Den Mr. Mool vos so oxprised,
Midt Hans Bleimer in his rear,
Dot anger shown all oudt his eye,
Und fidt vas in his ear.

Six shumps! six kicks! Oh awful doom!
Hans Bleimer vare, oh, vare vas he?
Go shpeak by de man vot durns de moon—
Der vishes by der sea.

Vell anyhow poor Hans hadt shweet revenge,
So dite he heldt above vot hit him
Dot ven he left dis vicket vorldt,
Der best part uf dot dail vent mit him.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

PART II.

PROSE SELECTIONS.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

In these days of rapid national growth, when the citizen of today is supplanted by the youth and franchised emigrant of tomorrow; when a million voters cast their ballots with no higher motive than compliance with a custom or the dictates of party henchmen; when one-fourth of our population have no stronger ties of residence than avarice, whose strength varies with the financial fluctuations of the business world; when year by year our shores receive the restless spirits of other lands who acknowledge no higher authority than their own caprice; when so many of our youth are growing into manhood ignorant of everything save the means of licensed indulgences and frivolity our liberty affords; when as partakers of the grandest political inheritance ever transmitted from one generation to another, we are *all* about to forget the fearful responsibilities thrust upon us in our acceptance of the blessings of liberty we enjoy, it is time to halt.

“ Let us gather the fragments that nothing be lost,
To tell the next ages what liberty cost.”

Let us teach the coming citizen that next to the love of God, implanted at the mother's knee, and cultivated by daily

acts of piety and benevolence, is the love of country, its flag, the martyrs who fell in its defense, and last but greatest of all, an abiding faith in its institutions and undying devotion to its peace, happiness and perpetuity. Let the examples of patriots, in deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, be our theme of meditation and discussion. Let our literature gleam with the noble efforts, the grand achievements of those who gave their *all* that we, their dependents, might taste the sweets of freedom undisturbed.

Let us realize that this grandest heritage of earth's martyrs came to us, not alone through the business tact and prudent foresight of our sires, but by years of toil and suffering, of cold and hunger, of want and privation, and by the generous sacrifice of precious blood; and, that, though it be vouchsafed to us through blessings of a noble ancestry, its possession implies no permanency to an unworthy race.

It is ours not alone to enjoy, but to foster and protect; ours to guard from schism, vice and crime; ours to purify, exalt, ennoble; ours to prepare a dwelling place for the purest, fairest, best of earth's humanity.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

A SCIENTIFIC PARTY.

A short time ago a delegation of eminently learned and scientific men from one of the Eastern colleges went out to the Pacific coast to examine the specimens of petrified wood abounding in the Sacramento valley.

An old hunter and trapper, styled Coonskin Joe, familiar

with the localities in which the finest specimens were to be found, was employed as guide. If there is any class of humanity for whom Joe has no respect, it is what he terms "the tender-footed, kid-glove, city chaps;" and so, after leading the party through deserted gulches and over unsteady boulders for some hours, and hearing little but long, and to him meaningless words, he became thoroughly disgusted, and lost no opportunity to testify his contempt for their paroxysms of ecstasy which burst forth every time they found what they regarded as a valuable contribution to their cabinets of natural curiosities.

At length one of the scientists stumbled upon a rare specimen which threw the whole party into profound amazement—petrified them, as it were.

To the insignificant little piece of petrified wood no bigger than a man's hand they gave a name a foot long, and wrapped it around twice and tucked it in at the ends.

Joe, who labored under an aggravating impediment of speech, could hold in no longer. Breaking out in his stuttering way, he said:

"W—w—why, up a y—y—yonder in th—them m—m—mountains th—th—th—ar's a—a—a—wh—w—w—whole forest of t—t—t—trees, an—an—and every o—o—one of th—them is p—p—p—p—p—petrified."

The party looked surprised.

"Y—y—yes. an—and th—thar's a—a—a—hunter up thar a—a—a—shooting at an eagle, and that h—h—hunter is p—p—p—p—p—petrified."

One of the party ventured to suggest that Joe was laboring under an erroneous impression regarding the nature of petrification.

"N—n—no, I'm not n—n—nother; th—the smth—smth—smoke f—from t—that hunter's gun is a—a—as th—thick up th—thar as a—a—a fog o—o—on a—a June morning, a—and its p—p—p—p—peetrified. Y—y—yes, a—and th—that eagle's as still up th—thar with his w—w—w—wings sp—sp—spread ou—out a—as if he had gone to—to—to—to sleep in th—the air, and he's p—p—p—p—peetrified."

"Oh! my dear fellow," said another of the party, "that is impossible. Such a phenomenon is contrary to the laws of gravitation. The force of gravity acts instantaneously, and when a bird or any other object is no longer sustained by its own or some other power, it at once falls to the earth."

Joe seemed dazed for a moment, but he was not to be switched off by any such scientific obstructions. Gathering himself for another verbal struggle, he gasped:

"W—w—w—wall, th—that m—m—may be s—so u—u—un—un—under or—ordinary circumstances, but—but gravitation up th—thar is p—p—p—p—pe—peetrified."

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

R. J. BURDETTE.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flow-

er" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are

rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars a little narrow; have to sit one in the seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over ticket allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the cars are full no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general

superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting!" he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you

can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good wholesouled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ah!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want——"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"—*From Brown's Elocution.*

SAM WELLER AS WITNESS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge. "Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman. "Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge. "That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'" Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud: "Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a *we*, my lord, put it down a *we*." "Who is that that dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher!" "Yes, my lord!" "Bring that person here instantly." "Yes, my lord."

But as the usher didn't *find* the person, he didn't *bring* him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak and said: "Do you know who that was, sir?" "I rather suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam. "Do you see him here now?" said the judge. "No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam,

staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court. "If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge. Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance toward Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz. "Now, sir," replied Sam. "I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller." "I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is." "Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularity. "Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam. "You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence." "Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz. "Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam. "Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was." "I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a *wery* particular and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said: "You had better be careful, sir." "So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam, "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my lord." The judge looked sternly at Sam for full

two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that he said nothing, and motioned Sergeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance he would bother the witness yet—"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?" "Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now attend, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer, "you were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?" "Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Sergeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg the learned sergeant again turned to Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation: "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on an-

other point, if you please," "If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?" "Oh, yes; wery well." "Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits, "I thought we should get to something at last." "I rather thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again. "Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury. "I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talking about the trial," replied Sam. "Oh, you *did* get a talking about the trial," said Sergeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now, what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in my life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here today, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—they two gen'l'men as is sittin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible. "The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz; "well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?" "Yes," said Sam; "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leaned over to Sergeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear. "You are quite right," said Sergeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately. "Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Sergeant Snubbin, laughing. "You may go down, sir," said Sergeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had in view all along.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

A CLOCK'S STORY.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1:05 a. m."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She——"

"*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her tonight, see if I don't make mince meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1:05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9:50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By-and-by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer:

"O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning

dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind a lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he



First Clown—"Here's a skull, now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years."

Hamlet—"Whose was it?"

First Clown—"This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester."

—*Hamlet, Act V. Scene I.—A Churchyard.*



VINICIUS & LYGIA, (THY WILL BE DONE.)

found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

SANDY MACDONALD'S SIGNAL.

Weel, Sandy, man; and how did ye like the sermon the day?

Weel, it's rather a venturesome pint ter handle; but if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was jeest gaun to say that in your discoorse the day—weel no gang any further than the one the day—in the midst o't like, when ye was on the top o' an illystration, it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll not feel offended at what I'm gaun to say?

Say awa man, and I'll tell ye after.

I'm comin' to the pint directly; all I was gaun to say was just this, that every noo and then in your discoorse the day, I dinna say oftener than noo and then jeest occasionally—'t struck me there was maybee, frae time to time, jest a wee bit o' exaggeration.

Exagger—What sir?

There, there, there! I'll no say anither word! All I meant to say was that ye jeest *stretched the pint a wee bit!*

Stretched the pint! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I tell lees?

Well—a—but I didna gang sae far as that.

Did ever ye hear the elders say that I exaggerated or stretched the pint?

I wadna say but what they hae, too.

Oh! So the elders and the whole of ye call me a leer, do ye? Hau'd per tongue, Sandy, it's my turn to speak now. Although I'm your minister, still I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm a sinful, erring creature, like any one o' ye; but I've been to colleges and seats of learning, and I've got some sense in my head! At the same time, Sandy, I am free to admit that I'm only a human being, and it's just possible that being obleedged, Sawbath after Sawbath to expound the word to sic a doited set o' naturals—for if I wasna to mak ilka thing as big as a "barn door" ye wadna see it at a—I say it's just possible I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; and it's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and it's a waur thing to be accused o' it: and therefore, Sandy I call upon you, if ever you should hear me say another word out o' joint, to pull me up then and there.

Losh, sir, but how could I pull ye up i' the kirk?

Ye could make some kind o' noise.

A noise i' the kirk?

Ay! y're sitting down beneath me, so ye might put up yer head and give a bit whustle (*whistles*) like that.

A whistle? What! whistle i' the Lord's hoose o' the Lord's day?

Ye needna make such a disturbance about it. I dinna want ye to frighten the folk, but just a wee whistle, that naebody but our two selves could hear.

But would it no be an awful sin?

Hoots man, does na the wind whistle on the Sawbath?

Weel, if there's no harm in't I'll do my best.

So it was agreed between the two that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came; and had the minister only stuck to his sermon he would have had the laugh on Sandy. But it was his habit always before the sermon to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations as he thought necessary. He generally selected such chapters as contained a number of *ticklish points* so that his marvelous powers of *eloocidation* might be brought into play. On this occasion he had chosen one that fairly *bristled* with difficulties. It was the chapter describing Samson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting fire brands in their midst and starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines. As he closed the description he shut the book and commenced to *eloocidate* as follows:

"My dear freends, I dare say you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. But lo! and behold! here we have one single man all by

himself, catching three hundred of them! Now, how did he do it? That's the pint; and at first sight it looks a very ticklish pint; but it's not so ticklish as it looks, my freends; and if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes, I'll clear away the whole difficulty and make what now seems dark and incomprehensible to your uninstructed minds, as clear as the sun in its noonday meridian.

"Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived; and, furthermore, we are told in the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he was a very polite man; for when he was at the house of Dagon *he bowed with all his might*, and if some as you, my freends, would only bow with half your might it would be better for you. But, although we are told all this, we are not told that he was a great runner. But if he caught three hundred foxes, *he must* have been a great runner. But, my dear freends, here's the eloocidation o' the matter. Ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we are *not told he was* the greatest runner, still we're not told he was'na, and, therefore, I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the logic and scientific history, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born; and this was how he caught the three hundred foxes.

"But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up—how in the world did he tie their tails together? We all know that foxes' tails are not long enough for this operation; how, then, was Samson able to tie them all? Ah! that's the question; and it's the most *ticklish pint* you or me has ever had to eloocidate.

Common-sense is no good till't; no more is Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew either; no more is logic or moral philosophy; and I've studied them all. But it's a great thing for poor, ignorant folk, like you, that there's been great and learned men, like myself ye ken, that instead of going into the kirk, like me, or into pheesic, like the doctor, or into law, like the lawyer, they have gone traveling into foreign parts.

"Now, among other places, some of these learned men have traveled into Canaan, some into Palestine, and some few into the Holy Land; and these last-mentioned travelers tell us that in these oriental climes the foxes there are a different breed o' cattle altogether from our foxes—that they're great big beasts; and what's the more astonishing about them, and what helps explain the wonderful feat of Samson, is that they have all got most extraordinary long tails; in fact, these travelers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually forty feet long (*Sandy whistles*); at the same time I ought to mention that other travelers, and later ones than the ones I've just been speaking about, say that 'his statement is rather an exaggeration on the whole and that there tails are never more than twenty feet long. (*Sandy whistles*.)

"Before I leave this subject altogether, my friends, I may just add that there's been a considerable diversity o' opeenion about the length o' these animals' tails, so that the question has come to be regarded as a 'sair pint.' One man ye see says one thing and another another, and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter myself, and after examining one authority and another, and putting one against the other, I have come to the

conclusion that these foxes' tails on an average are seldom more than ten feet long! (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Sandy Macdonald! I'll no toak' another inch off thae foxes' tails, even gin ye should whustle every tooth out o' your heid!"

DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

Fifty years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed; though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural loneliness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in

the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart. "Will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in my childhood; yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

"And listen, old man, were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

That was an awful death-bed. The minister had watched "the last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, but had never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring in his heart. "This coat I wore, when I first heard the news of

Lexington; this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!” He hissed that single burning word into the minister’s ear. “Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see”—and a ghastly smile came over his face—“there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife; no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!”

And, while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. “Faith!” echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow. “Faith! Can it give me back my honor? Look, ye, priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight year war; there, in his royal halls, sits George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I!—I who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog!”

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch, in the shattered wall. “Hush! silence along the lines there!” he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; “silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the

town:—we will meet there in victory, or die!—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow, and Quebec is ours!”

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair: erect, livid, ghastly; there for a moment, and then he falls!—he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy—a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this rude garret: this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up in that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man, whose memories seem to link something with heaven, and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment: it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall: there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and the traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corse; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories

of the past. For that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom: yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that arm, yonder, beneath the snow white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.—*From Brown's Elocution.*

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

It was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies, now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of Autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the Buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hill-side blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood came a rider, upon a black

horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise. Look, he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there, through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward the strange soldier, mounted on his steed, black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions! Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle? Let us look for a moment into those clouds of battle. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militia-men, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while, scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of red-coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. In this moment of their flight a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of the broad-shouldered militia-men.

"Now, cowards: Advance another step, and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! Are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down!"

This appeal was not without its effect. Their leader turns, his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now, upon the rebels! charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. The black horse springs forward, followed by the militiamen. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers. Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—there death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder: In this moment, when all is dismay and horror, here, crashing on, comes the black horse and rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat, and dust, and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into

his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now look : now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers ; he totters ; he falls ; no ! no ! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec ! Come on !" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now, British cannon, pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry, if you can ; for look : there, in the gates of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls ; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice, and shouts afar to Horatio Gates, waiting yonder in his tent, "*Saratoga is won !*" As that cry goes up to heaven he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse ? Do you not guess his name ? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. The rider of the black horse was BENEDICT ARNOLD.

VICTOR HUGO.

In 1817 a young boy received a mention at the French Academy for the prize in poetry. Soumet said : "This young boy has given new hopes to our literature." The great Chateaubriand said : "This boy has written things

that no poet of the time could have written." But the honors of the Academy and the praise of Soumet and Chateaubriand, though they might have contented any other boy in France, could not satisfy Victor Hugo's ambition. He had marked out for himself a career more glorious than Bossuets and more enduring than Voltaire's.

Poetry claimed his attention almost from childhood. In it his political opinions found expression. These were an echo of Voltaire's; the throne without the altar. The beautiful boy, wrapped up in his devotion to the royalism of Voltaire, never dreamed that one day he should emancipate fiction, revolutionize the drama, and fill France with republican ideas destined to overthrow a throne and dynasty.

At twenty-three, regenerated in religion and politics, resolute in purpose and sanguine of success, Victor Hugo began his great mission. He published his novel "*Han d'Islande*," and French literature was liberated from the thralldom of Aristotle. He wrote "*Cromwell*," and the independence of the theater was achieved. "*Marion de Lorme*" had only to appear, and royalty stood before the world humiliated. The suppression of this play by the government only rendered his next more popular. "*Hernani*" was the last of a series of steps up which France was climbing to the revolution of '30.

In the events of '48 the dream of his lifetime was almost realized. Out of the chaos and ruin of revolution arose the Republic, grand and symmetrical. But this could not long remain. Bonaparte had come from Switzerland; and what could withstand the magic of his name

or the ascendancy of his genius? The Eighteenth Brumaire repeats itself in the Second of December. The nephew of the Corsican ascends the throne of the Empire, and the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine becomes for Hugo the "barricade of the exile."

Years rolled by. The "old man of Guernsey" had almost relinquished his dream. Suddenly from his seagirt home he hears the tramp of Prussian soldiery, and catches the gleam of French bayonets. Woerth, Beaumont, Gravelot and Sedan follow in quick, splendid succession. The fall of the shattered Empire snaps the bonds of the exile; and once more a freeman, Victor Hugo sets his foot on the soil of republican France.

Whatever progress France has made is due to ideas of which Victor Hugo was a brilliant advocate; but his name in the political history of his country is—Dreamer. He believed in the Republic; but it was an ideal Republic—an impossible Republic, without ignorance, without vice, universal in limit, unrestrained in liberty.

As a writer Victor Hugo has won his title to the world's remembrance. He must ever stand among the great poets and novelists of France. Though we may not share his fancies, let us ever regard with gratitude him whose trials and triumphs will live forever in *Les Misérables*.

IMAGINATION, A MEANS OF NAPOLEON'S SUCCESS.

There is a natural tendency among men, when they meet the word "imagination," to give to it a meaning

which places it among the gew-gaws of the intellect. But this is far from its true meaning. It is not an article for dreaming, fanciful men only to deal with. It is as much the property of men of the world as of men of letters; as much the property of the soldier as of the poet. It is the motive power of the whole machinery of the mind; the origin of our endeavors; the prompter of our success.

History teems with instances of imagination determining the success of great men; but among them all is no better illustration of it than the case of Napoleon. He was accustomed, before his battles, to appeal to the imagination of his soldiers. On the eve of one of his battles, under the shadow of the Pyramids, he said: "Soldiers, from yonder pile thirty centuries look down upon you!" No more was needed. The imagination of the French soldiers saw the spirits of the great Egyptian dead encircling the summits of the gigantic monuments of their skill. The French soldier was fighting on the battlefield of nations who, centuries before, had passed away; and, if fall he must, the plains of the Pharaohs should be his grave, and Egypt's pyramids his monument. His imagination was the source of his endeavors; and its influence upon the imagination of others promoted his progress and insured his success. He stepped upon the stage of action when the world was waiting breathlessly for a prominent actor in the tragedy then being enacted in France. Springing from lowly origin, his rapid rise and continued success dazzled the imagination of both actor and spectators. His mind, strong and active, was the basis. But, as in an old cathedral we have seen the



TIGELLINUS.

sunlight pouring through stained windows, and tinting with a thousand hues the space within, so imagination penetrated and colored all the deeds of Napoleon. Nature made him a poet; but he preferred to act rather than to write a poem. His life was a grand epic; and its music, slow and solemn, was chanted in the roar and din of battle in strains above the praise of critics. From Austerlitz, Jena, Lody and Wagram the whole world heard; and when its mournful cadence marked the slow falling of the curtain upon the closing scene at Waterloo, the nations shuddered.

'Twas then the "harp the monarch minstrel swept" was hushed. Its chords had broken one by one. That harp, whose tumultuous strains had charmed the world, and brought kings trembling at his feet, was shattered. Upon that field the brightest light of France went out; earth's mightiest poet fell.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they must bear at once upon all quarters of a subject is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system

of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon.

The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practicing the broadsword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot "plays his weapons like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence without having his ranks disordered or his line broken.

Luther is different. His words are "half battle"; "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are suttlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backward by the suddenness of his stoppage.

Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travelers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual

service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray.

Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's words are gifted with huge fists to pummel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harshfeatured battalions of Maginn are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers.

Willis' words are often tipsy with the champagne of the fancy, but even when they reel and stagger, they keep the line of grace and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reunite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at everything. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun, but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike.

Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly,

sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant; but drunk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces.—*E. P. Whipple.*

SOCIETY THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

Society is the great educator. More than universities, more than schools, more than books, society educates. Nature is the schoolhouse, and many lessons are written upon its walls; but man is the effective teacher. Parents, relatives, friends, associates; social manner, maxims, morals, worships, the daily example, the fireside conversation, the casual interview, the spirit that breathes through the whole atmosphere of life—these are the powers and influences that train the mass of mankind. Even books, which are daily assuming a larger place in human training, are but the influence of man on man.

It is evident that one of the leading and ordained means by which men are raised in the scale of knowledge and virtue is the conversation, example, influence of men superior to themselves. It seems, if one may say so, to be the purpose, the intent, the *effort* of nature—of Providence, to bring men together, and to bring them together,

for the most part, in relations of discipleship and teaching.

The social nature, first, draws them to intercourse. Perpetual solitariness is intolerable. But then, much of their intercourse is on terms of inequality. Equals in *age*, people in *society*, seldom meet, but one is able to teach or tell something, and the other is desirous to learn it. The lower are strongly drawn to the higher. Children are not content to be always by themselves; curiosity, reverence, filial affection draw them to their superiors. In the whole business of life—tillage, mechanism, manufacture, merchandise—a younger generation is connected with an elder, to be taught by it.

Barbarous tribes go on forever in their barbarism, till they are brought into the presence of superior culture. The Chinese exclusion has kept that people stationary, though civilization has been knocking at their gates for more than three centuries. And it is better—I speak of mere results, not principles—that the way for light should be opened into that country by cannon balls, or the rending asunder of the empire, than never to be opened.

But such a fixed barrier to civilization is a solitary phenomenon in history. Nations, the barbarous and civilized, by some means or other, in the everlasting ferment of human interests and passions, and thrown into communication and interfusion—if by no better means, by war, by subjugation, by capture: for Providence, if one may say so, *will* have them come together. Human injustice and cruelty are not to be abetted in this matter. There are better ways, which Christian civilization ought to learn—travel, trade, missions of light and mercy; but some

way, the nations must mingle together, or the ignorant will never be enlightened, the savage never civilized.

Where are the ruder peasantry of Europe now resorting for work and for subsistence? To America. Many an enlightened man, building a railroad, or improving his estate; many a refined woman in her household, is made their teacher—little suspecting the office, perhaps. It were fortunate, I think, for both parties, if they did; it might make the relation more kindly and holy; but any way, the work will be done. How fine and delicate and penetrating is this power of man to influence his kind! A word, a tone, a look—nothing goes to the depths of the soul like that. The dexterous hands, and the embracing arms, the commanding eye and the persuasive lips and the stately presence are fitted for nothing more remarkable than to teach.

Society has thrones for the good and noble, and purple and gold are but rags and dust in the comparison. Society has prisons and penitentiaries for the base and bad, and stone walls and silent cells are not so cold and death-like.—*Orville Dewey.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CONQUEROR.

There is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "*march of intellect*"; and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect

expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster, in his pleasant vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further his execution—he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the

high-minded, but enslaved, Italians, and in our own country, God be thanked, their number everywhere abound and are every day increasing.

Their calling is **high and holy**; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course; awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises; and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."—*H. Brougham*.

A MAD TEUTON.

"I like to get some lawsuits on a gang of young fellers," he replied, as the chief of police asked him what was wanted.

"What do you mean?"

"Vell, I vhas shwindled und made some fools of. Vhen I tinks it all ofer I am so madt dot I clean out my own saloon mit a club."

"Do you want to enter a complaint?"

"Vhell, I should remarks! I like to enter oaffer forty complaints, if I haf a chance."

"Make a statement."

"Vhell, I keep a saloon on —— street. You may have

seen dot some aldermans come to my place und vhas treated shust like princes?"

"Go on."

"It vhas Saturday eafenings, I vhas all alone. By and by some loafer comes in, but he vphants noddings. Pooty queek I haf six or seven shust like him. Nobody vphants no beer nor pool nor dominoes, und I vhas madt!"

"I am following you."

"Vhell, by and by I asks if dot crowd expects me to pay rent mit such customer, und one loafer he says: 'Vhell, vhy doan' you sell beer by der new game?' So he tells me dot der new game vhas for all der gang to take a drink, und den I vhas to call in der dog from der back yard. Whichever loafer dot dog schmells of first must pay for all."

"Quite funny."

"It vhas, eh? I doan' see it. Sometimes I vhas tickled, but not now. All der loafers said it vhas shust like dey does in New York und Boston, und I goes after der dog."

"And he didn't smell of any of them?"

"No! But vhy? Because, while I vhas gone after him all dose loafers shlip away like grease! If dot vhas der New York und Boston vhay I vhas a fool!"

"You can't do anything," said the chief.

"Can't I get some lawsuits?"

"No."

"Can't I haf some loafers sent mit der workhouse?"

"No."

"Must I put up mit such schwindles like dot?"

"You must look out for them."

"Now I vhas mad like a wet hen!" exclaimed the caller as he rose up. "I tell you sometings, and doan' you forgot all about it! I keep my dog pehind der bar! By tomorrow some loafer comes in and vhants to know if I sell beer by der New York und Boston vhay, I let dot dog loose mit a shmile all oaffer me, und when he shtops shmelling of dot loafer you may send some boleece-mans to pick up der pieces! If a dog in der back yard vhas New York und Boston style, I improve on it mit some Detroit style of a dog pehind der bar!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CODFISH.

JOSH BILLINGS.

The codfish iz a child ov the oshun. This ackounts for their being so salt.

They are caught with a hook and line, and bite a steel trap, and hang on like a poor relation.

They are good eating for a wet day; they are better than an umbreller to keep a man dry.

Dried codfish iz one ov the luxurys of life, but codfish three times a day would weaken mi confidence in them.

Codfish never venture in fresh water; they would soon spile if they did.

I never hav been codfishing miself, but think I should like it better than fishing for frogs.

I think i could ketch frogs well enuff, but I should insist upon their taking themselves off from the hook.

I had rather take a boss bumble bee in mi hand than a live frog, not bekause i am afraid the frog would bite, but i am afraid ov their kicking.

Sum people ain't afraid to take ennything with their hands that they can reach, not even an eel, but if i should ever git caught by an eel, if i couldn't settle with him, right off, by giving him the hook and line, i would throw the pole into the bargain and put for home.

The codfish iz sed tew be an aristokrat, and to keep aloof from the other fish of his size in the sea, and claims tew be a relation of the whales, but this looks to me rather fishy.

I hav noticed that the codfish alwuz haz a stiff upper lip, but I think this iz more owing tew the bone that iz in him than it iz to his blood.

THE DESTINY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FROM "OUR COUNTRY."—REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D. D.

The Anglo-Saxon is to exercise the commanding influence in the world's future; but the exact nature of that influence is, as yet, undetermined. How far his civilization will be materialistic and atheistic, and how long it will take thoroughly to Christianize and sweeten it, how rapidly he will hasten the coming of the kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness, or how many ages he may retard it, is still uncertain; but *it is now being swiftly determined*. Let us weld together in a chain the various links of our logic which we have endeavored to forge. Is it manifest

that the Anglo-Saxon holds in his hands the destinies of mankind for ages to come? Is it evident that the United States is to be the home of this race, the principal seat of his power, the great center of his influence? Is it true that the great West is to dominate the nation's future? Has it been shown that this generation is to determine the character, and hence the destiny, of the West? Then may God open the eyes of this generation! When Napoleon drew up his troops before the Mamelukes, under the shadow of the Pyramids, pointing to the latter, he said to his soldiers: "Remember that from yonder height forty centuries look down upon you." Men of this generation, from the pyramid top of opportunity on which God has set us, *we look down on forty centuries!* We stretch our hand into the future with power to mold the destinies of unborn millions.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime!"

Notwithstanding the great perils which threaten it, I cannot think our civilization will perish; but I believe it is tully in the hands of the Christians of the United States, during the next fifteen or twenty years, to hasten or retard the coming of Christ's kingdom in the world by hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of years. We of this generation and nation occupy the Gibraltar of the ages which commands the world's future.

THE PRESERVATION OF AMERICA.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

[Peroration from the oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.]

The conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surround them. These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you. You have a Government founded in the heart of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glorious his-

tory, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and unperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Cataline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount.

upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law—we cannot change it.

* * * * *

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe them as we will. The future of our country rests upon us; the happiness and posterity depends upon us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken to deaf ears, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous—building up public virtue by private worth; seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic—loving our country before all other things; her happiness our happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us, in the name of justice, in the name of charity, in the name of freedom, in the name of God.

My countrymen: this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us: the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of

men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.

Some years ago I pitched my tent and unfurled my banner to the breeze in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by the extensive seck called Free Lovers, who believed in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on ginerall principles. If I can improve these 'ere misguided peple by showin them my unparal-leled show at the usual low price of admitants, me thunk, I shall not hav lived in vane. But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers began to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpose (as they sed) of allowin the free air of heven to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamphlits, and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, and why should they? That was there stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin`female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then starin back she sed, in a wild voice :

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out cryin & sed :

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you hav found me at larst, and you would hav found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabed me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed :

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollered :

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed :

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listen man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I have yearned for thee. I knowed thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellered at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and beleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimmin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum wes-kuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or

tillin the sile." I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

AS THE PIGEON FLIES.

C. B. LEWIS.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z! A monster of iron, steel and brass, standing on the slim iron rails which shoot away from the station for half a mile and then lose themselves in a green forest.

Puff-puff! The driving wheels slowly turn, the monster breathes great clouds of steam and seems anxious for the race.

A grizzly-haired engineer looks down from the cab window, while his fireman pulls back the iron door and heaves in more wood—more breath and muscle for the grim giant of the track.

The fire roars and crackles—the steam hisses and growls; every breath is drawn as fiercely as if the giant was burning to revenge an insult.

Up—up—up! The pointer on the steam-gauge moves faster than the minute-hand on a clock. The breathing becomes louder—the hiss rises to a scream—the iron rails tremble and quiver.

"Climb up!"

It is going to be a race against time and the telegraph.
S-s-s-sh!

The engineer rose up, looked ahead, glanced at the dial,

and as his fingers clasped the throttle he asked the station-agent:

"Are you sure that the track is clear?"

"All clear!" was the answer.

The throttle feels the pull, the giant utters a fierce scream, and we are off, I on the fireman's seat, the fireman on the wood. The rails slide under us slowly—faster, and the giant screams again and dashes into the forest.

This isn't fast. The telegraph poles dance past as if not over thirty feet apart, and the board fence seems to rise from the ground, but it's only thirty-five miles an hour.

"Wood!"

The engineer takes his eye off the track and turns just long enough to speak the word to his fireman. The iron door swings back, and there is an awful rush and roar of flame. The firebox appears full, but stick after stick is dropped into the roaring pit until a quarter of a cord has disappeared.

"This is forty miles an hour!" shouts the fireman in my ear as he rubs the moisture from his heated face.

Yes, this is faster. The fence posts seem to leap from the ground as we dash along, and the telegraph poles bend and nod to us. A house—a field—a farm—we get but one glance. A dozen houses—a hundred faces—that was a station. We heard a yell from the crowd, but it had scarcely reached us before it was drowned in the great roar.

Nine miles in fourteen minutes—we've lost no time! The engineer takes his eyes from the rail, makes a motion

to his fireman, and the sticks drop into the roaring flames again to make new flames.

Seven miles of clear track now, and the engineer smiles a grim smile as he lets more steam into the giant's lungs.

Ah! Not a mile a minute, but see how we shake from side to side!

Is there a fence skirting the track? There is a dark line keeping pace with us; it may be a fence. Where are the telegraph poles? Were all those trees falling toward the track as we dashed through the bit of forest?

A yell—houses—faces—that was another station. Word has gone down the line that a "wild" locomotive is rushing a journalist across the country to catch the lightning express on another road, and the people gather to see us dash past. Seven miles in eight and a half minutes,—that's better; but we must run faster!

The finger on the dial creeps slowly up—we want a reserve of steam for the last twelve of road,—the best track of all.

The noise is deafening, the swaying and bumping is terrible. I hang fast to the seat, clutch, cling, and yet it seems as if I must be shaken to the floor.

Every moment there is a scream from the whistle; every two or three minutes the engineer makes a gesture which calls for the iron door to be opened and the roaring, leaping flames to be fed anew.

Houses—faces—a yell! That was another station. We made the last five miles in six minutes. Did you ever ride a mile in one minute and twelve seconds? But we were to beat it.

Like a bird—like an arrow—like a bullet almost, we

sped forward. Half a dozen men beside the track,—section men with their hand-car. They lift their hats and yell, but their voices do not reach us. We pass them as lightning flashes through the heavens. That was a farmhouse. We saw nothing but a white object—a green spot—two or three apple trees where there was a large orchard.

Scream!

Hiss!

Roar!

Shake—quiver—bound!

We are going to stop,—going to halt for an instant at a station to see if the track is clear for the rush, for a mile a minute, and faster.

Scream! Scream!

The station is a mile ahead—it is beside us! The fireman leaps down with his oil-can, the engineer enters the telegraph office. Both are back in fifteen seconds.

Twelve and a half miles to go, twelve minutes in which to make it.

"We can do it!" said the engineer. "Hold fast now! We have been running—we are going to fly!"

Scream!

"Good-bye!"

As a mad horse runs, as an arrow is sent, as a carrier-pigeon flies! Yes, this is a mile a minute! Fences? No, only a black line, hardly larger than my pencil! Trees? No—only one tree, all merged into one single tree, which was out of sight in a flash. Fields? Yes—one broad field, broken for an instant by a highway,—a gray thread lying on the ground!

It is terrible! If we should leave the rails! If—but don't think of it! Hold fast!

Eight miles in eight minutes, not a second more or less! The lightning travels faster—so does a locomotive! Four and a half miles to go, four minutes to make it! We must run a mile every fifty-three seconds.

Scream!

Sway!

Tremble!

We are making time, but, Great heavens! it is awful, this roar, this oscillation!

One mile!

Two miles!

I dare not open my eyes! I would not look ahead on the track for all the gold ever mined!

Three miles!

Can I ever hear again? Will I ever get this deafening roar out of my ears? Will the seconds ever go by?

Scream!

The engineer shuts off steam, the fireman hurrahs. I open my eyes—we are at the station! The lightning express is not two seconds away!

"I told you!" says the engineer, "and didn't I do it?"

He did, but he carried three lives in the palm of the hand that grasped the throttle.

THE CYCLES OF PROGRESS.

The world moves in a grand cycle of days, and weeks, and months, and years, susceptible of approximation, but

not of exact ascertainment. There are cycles, also, of the human understanding; or, at least, of opinions with regard to the faculties and organism of the human intellect. Locke was thought to have demonstrated, by unanswerable argument, our entire lack of innate ideas, thus demolishing the foundation upon which others had erected so many and such various theories. But now Kant has proven, by a logic far more subtle, and altogether more conclusive, that the mind acts only in certain processes, or by means of certain categories, which are the laws of its organization, and whence result conceptions or ideas not derived from experience, or observation, or confidence in others. Plato arrived at the same conclusion two thousand years ago, although he supposed these conceptions or ideas to be the *reminiscences* of a former and superior state of intellectual existence. What has Kant accomplished, in all his philosophy, except our remission to the speculations of Plato, as enforced and illustrated by the wisdom of revealed religion? And so, in the world of moral sentiment, there must be cycles of repetition and restoration, but of restoration with *new auspices*, and informed by principles of higher and pure significance.

The age of Chivalry was an age of moral improvement, an age of sympathy and generous enterprise, after centuries of darkness, antagonism, and oppression. When scholars, therefore, shall have become true to themselves, true to mission of their faith and labors, as against the overwhelming allurements of our time; shall have become the actual prophets, and priests, and rulers, which once they were, another age of Chivalry will arise and

dawn upon earth. It will restore us a Government paternal in character, and yet stripped of the usurpations by which government is now rendered oppressive; it will restore us a Church of pristine authority and influence, but authority and influence derived from purity in practice as well as in precept. And with these two elements so long extinct or lost—leaving mankind to all the terrors of tyranny and all the wiles of imposture—with a Church and a Government reflecting the Divine conception of men's duties toward their Creator and toward each other, will Human Society attain, at last, the summit of human perfection. Then will the original brotherhood and equality of our race be forever acknowledged; then will there be work for all, and wages for work, instead of the injustice, the crime, the misery, the wasteful disorder which fill our hearts with so much despondency and woe. This Chivalry is of magnificent design; since to the faith, to the hope, to the steadfastness of our fathers, to their moral excellence and solid greatness, will thus be united the wondrous material achievements for which we have been so distinguished—a Chivalry of splendors enhanced as well as rekindled, or splendors essentially bright, and joyous, and immortal.

History tells us of republics full of promise and full of glory like our own. Such were those which clustered upon the shores of the Mediterranean, in almost the same latitude with us, and accomplished, centuries ago, their rise, their zenith, and their fall. Such were those free states and cities which braved the bleakness and inclemency of the Baltic and German coasts; and which likewise had their increase, and fullness, and extinction.

These were all the children of Commerce, and followed her along the borders of the sea. Their ships explored the very ends of the world; laid the Indies under tribute; and on this remote continent, also, planted colonies and outposts of civilization. Alas! those republics and free states and cities have gone to their decay; the armed legions of Despotism tread upon their tombs, and scatter even their sacred ashes to the wind. But may our New World, which inherits their enterprise as well as their liberty, rejuvenate the nations grown old in oppression and despair, and plant upon the Eastern Continent the germs of a Civilization nobler than has yet been recognized—nobler than was ever sung by the poets or foretold by oracles—a Civilization which shall raise up LABOR from its fallen estate, heal its infirmities, cover its nakedness, and enthrone it with honor; as the rescued maniac, by Divine compassion, was seated near the feet of our Savior, clothed, and in his right mind!

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

[The following address was made by President Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, November, 1864.]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a

great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE MULE.

JOSH BILLINGS.

The mule is haf hoss and haf Jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake.

Tha weigh more, ackordin tu their heft, than enny other kreater, except a crowbar.

Tha kant hear enny quicker, nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snow shoes.

You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth enny more than the mules. The only wa tu keep the mules into a paster is tu turn them into a medder jineing, an then let them jump out.

Tha are reddey for use, just as soon as they will du tu abuse.

Tha hain't got enny friends, and will live on huckle berry brush, with an ockasional chanse at Kanada this-tles.

Tha are a modern invenshun, i don't think the Bible deludes tu them at tall.

Tha sel for more money than enny other domestick animile. Yu kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you kould a Mexican cannons. Tha never hav no dissease that a good club wont heal.

If tha ever die tha must kum rite tu life agin, for i never herd noboddy sa "ded mule."

Tha are like sum men, verry korrupst at harte; ive known them tu be good mules for 6 months, just to git a good chanse to kick sumbody.

I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless thare is a United Staits law passed, requiring it.

The only reason why tha are pashunt, is bekause tha are ashamed ov themselves.

I have seen eddikated mules in a sirkus.

Tha kould kick, and bite, tremenjis. I would not sa what I am forced tu sa agin the mule, if his birth want an outrage, and man want tu blame for it.

Enny man who is willing tu drive a mule, ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur.

Tha are the strongest creeturns on earth, and heavest

ackording tu their sise; I herd tell ov one who fell oph from the tow path, on the Eri kanawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept rite on towing the boat tu the nex stashun, breathing thru his ears, which stuck out ov the water about 2 feet 6 inches; i did'nt see this did, but an auctioneer told me ov it, and i never knew an auctioneer to lie unless it was absolutely convenient.

THE CURTAIN FIXTURE.

JAMES M. BAILEY.

The most exquisite article of domestic torture is the modern window-curtain fixture. Years ago, before the desecrating hand of inventive genius was reared, the window covering was either a green shade hung by hooks, or a simple piece of muslin nailed firmly to the upper casing. Now the curtain is uniformly of cloth, with a flat stick at the bottom and a round stick at the top and a complicated lot of brass cogs and ratchets at the ends.

It isn't much trouble to fit in the flat stick, because that can be measured the right length on the floor, but it is getting the proper length of the round sticks or rollers that plays the mischief with a man's temper. We are not quite certain but that it could be done without much bluster were a man's wife to go off to the other end of town and stay there until the operation is over. She doesn't, however. She keeps right

close to him, and enlivens the performance with such observations as her judgment and experience teach her are the best calculated to turn his head.

The window-curtain is generally put up in the evening. This is partly because the man has then more time, and partly attributable to his desire to put off the evil job until the last moment. The first thing to be done is to separate the parcels and borrow a saw. Every family keeps its own screw-driver (point broken) and hammer (handle loose).

You instinctively saw the flat pieces first, because that is the easiest, and afterward fit the rollers, which is more difficult. Then the curtain is tacked to the roller, which keeps turning over and breaking the tacks, and catching your fingers under the hammer. This done, you are ready to plant your feet on the best cane-bottom chair in the house and put up the fixtures. Here your wife says: "Well, if I ever saw anything quite so idiotic as——." You then get right down, when she starts for a wooden article, and by way of showing that you have no feeling in the matter, you kick the cane-seat into the middle of the room.

Once mounted on the wooden chair, the brackets are put up. To do this requires that you extend your arms the full length, and while in this condition, with a couple of screws and a screw-driver in your mouth, the hammer in one hand, the other hanging to the fixtures, and the curtain with the unwieldy roller across your shoulder, you make the sickening discovery that you have got nothing with which to punch the hole for the screw. Then you get down to the floor again to remedy the defect,

and find there is nothing for that purpose but the advice of your wife to drive the screw till it sets. You mount again. She holds the lamp so she can see if the woman has cleaned the corners of the glass, and as you have your mouth too full of hardware to articulate with any freedom, you find yourself obliged to kick her elbow to indicate that you actually demand some of the flame to set the screw. The artifice is lost upon her, however, for, likely as not, she will set down the lamp to rub her arm, and ask you what you mean.

No one has yet set a bracket to a curtain fixture without either dropping some of the implements or a remark well calculated to engross the attention of the party holding the lamp. The awful strain on the arms, the wonderful vacillating humors of the screws, the incomprehensible imbecility of the screw-driver, the obstinacy of the roller, and the astonishing perverseness of your wife, who will persist in moving the lamp at the wrong time, make putting up a modern curtain fixture the most subtle of domestic grievances.

And when the curtain is finally up, and secured so it won't fall on your head when you touch the string, and you take hold to draw it up, the experience as it waltzes off to one side, and tries to stand on its drunken head, and failing in that, settles right where it is, and obstinately refuses to budge either way, has never been truly analyzed. Weeks after, when you are leaning back in your chair engrossed in memories of the dead past, that curtain will suddenly come thundering down upon you, causing you to spring out into the air and lifting your very hair almost free from the scalp.

THE TRULY GREAT.

[From R. G. Ingersoll's oration on Roscoe Conkling.]

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies—one who has nobly fought the battle of life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thoughts—one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend, in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity, and courage are the great pillars that support the State.

Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will, and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the Republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time-servers, are the dangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices and passions of the multitude are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many anarchy begins, and the republic reaches the edge of chaos. Mediocrity, touched with ambition, flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher—he should carry the torch of truth.

Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of custom—believers in the wisdom of the past—and were it not for brave and splendid souls, “the dust of antique time would lie unswept and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer.” Custom is a prison locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chains, levels walls, and breasts the many-headed mob like some great cliff that mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority—insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom; not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds, and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who can not be bribed by the promise of success, or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling,—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the shrines of

chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshiped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or give place for power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

THE UNION AND ITS RESULTS.

EDWARD EVERETT,

July 4, 1860.

Merely to fill up the wilderness with a population provided with the ordinary institutions and carrying on the customary pursuits of civilized life—though surely no mean achievement—was, by no means, the whole of the work allotted to the United States, and thus far performed with signal activity, intelligence and success. The founders of America and their descendants have accomplished more and better things. On the basis of a rapid geographical extension, and with the force of teeming numbers, they have, in the very infancy of their political existence, successfully aimed at higher progress in a generous civilization. The mechanical arts have been cultivated with unusual aptitude. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, whether by sails or by steam, and the art of printing in all its forms, have been pursued with surprising skill. Great improvements have been made in all those branches of industry, and in the machinery pertaining to them, which have been eagerly

adopted in Europe. A more adequate provision has been made for popular education than in almost any other country. There are more seminaries in the United States, where a respectable academical education may be obtained—more, I still mean, in proportion to the population—than in any other country except Germany. The fine arts have reached a high degree of excellence. The taste for music is rapidly spreading in town and country; and every year witnesses productions from the pencil and the chisel of American sculptors and painters, which would adorn any gallery in the world. Our Astronomers, Mathematicians, Naturalists, Chemists, Engineers, Jurists, Publicists, Historians, Poets, Novelists, and Lexicographers, have placed themselves on a level with those of the elder world. The best dictionaries of the English language since Johnson are those published in America. Our constitutions, whether of the United States or of the separate States, exclude all public provision for the maintenance of religion, but in no part of Christendom is it more generously supported. Sacred science is pursued as diligently and the pulpit commands as high a degree of respect in the United States as in those countries where the Church is publicly endowed; while the American Missionary operations have won the admiration of the civilized world. Nowhere, I am persuaded, are there more liberal contributions to public-spirited and charitable objects. In a word, there is no branch of the mechanical or fine arts, no department of science, exact or applied, no form of polite literature, no description of social improvement, in which, due allowance being made for the means and resources at command, the prog-

ress of the United States has not been satisfactory, and in some respects astonishing.

At this moment the rivers and seas of the globe are navigated with that marvelous appliance of steam as a propelling power which was first effected by Fulton. The harvests of the civilized world are gathered by American reapers; the newspapers which lead the journalism of Europe are printed on American presses; there are railroads in Europe constructed by American engineers and traveled by American locomotives; troops armed with American weapons, and ships of war built in American dockyards. In the factories of Europe there is machinery of American invention or improvement; in their observatories telescopes of American construction, and apparatus of American invention for recording the celestial phenomena. America contests with Europe the introductions into actual use of the electric telegraph, and her mode of operating it is adopted throughout the French empire. American authors in almost every department are found on the shelves of European libraries. It is true no American Homer, Virgil, Dante, Copernicus, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton, has risen on the world. These mighty geniuses seem to be exceptions in the history of the human mind. Favorable circumstances do not produce them, nor does the absence of favorable circumstances prevent their appearance. Homer rose in the dawn of Grecian culture; Virgil flourished in the court of Augustus; Dante ushered in the birth of the new European civilization; Copernicus was reared in a Polish cloister; Shakespeare was trained in the green-room of the theater; Milton was formed while the elements of

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English thought and life were fermenting toward a great political and moral revolution; Newton under the profligacy of the Restoration. Ages may elapse before any country will produce a man like these, as two centuries have passed since the last-mentioned of them was born. But if it is really a matter of reproach to the United States that, in the comparatively short period of their existence as a people, they have not added another name to this illustrious list (which is equally true of all the other nations of the earth), they may proudly boast of one example of life and character, one career of disinterested service, one model of public virtue, one type of human excellence, of which all the countries and all the ages may be searched in vain for the parallel. I need not—on this day I need not—speak the peerless name. It is stamped on your hearts, it glistens in your eyes, it is written on every page of your history, on the battle-fields of the Revolution, on the monuments of your fathers, on the portals of your capitols. It is heard in every breeze that whispers over the fields of Independent America. And he was all our own. He grew up on the soil of America; he was nurtured at her bosom. She loved and trusted him in his youth; she honored and revered him in his age; and, though she did not wait for death to canonize his name, his precious memory, with each succeeding year, has sunk more deeply into the hearts of his countrymen.

LAFFING.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Anatomikally konsidered, laffing iz the sensashun ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.

Morally konsidered, it iz the next best thing tew the 10 commandments.

Philosophically konsidered, it beats Herrick's pills 3 pills in the game.

Theoretically konsidered, it kan out-argy all the logik in existence.

Analitikally konsidered, enny part ov it iz equal tew the whole.

Konstitushionally konsidered, it iz vittles and sumthing tew drink.

Multifariously konsidered, it iz just az different from ennything else az it is from itself.

Phumatically konsidered, it haz a good deal of essence and sum boddy.

Pyroteknikally konsidered, it is the fire-works of the soul.

Syllogestikally konsidered, the konklushuns allwus follows the premises.

Spontaneously onsidered, it iz az natral and refreshing az a spring bi the road-side.

Phosphorescently konsidered, it lights up like a globe lantern.

Exsudashiously konsidered, it haz all the dissolving propertys ov a hot whiskee punch.

But this iz too big talk for me; theze flatulent words waz put into the dikshionary for those giants in knolledge tew use who hav tew load a kannon klean up tew the muzzel with powder and ball when they go out tew hunt pissmires.

But i dont intend this essa for laffing in the lump, but for laffing on the half-shell.

Laffing iz just az natral tew cum tew the surface az a rat is tew cum out ov his hole when he wants tew.

Yu kant keep it back by swallowing enny more than you kan the heekups.

If a man *kan't* laff there si sum mistake made in putting him together, and if he *won't* laff he wants az mutch keeping away from az a bear-trap when it iz sot.

I have seen people who laffed altogether too mutch for their own good or for ennybody else's; they laft like a barrell ov nu sider with the tap pulled out, a perfekt stream.

This is a grate waste ov natral juice.

I have seen other people who didn't laff enuff tew giv themselves vent; they waz like a barrel ov nu sider too, that was bunged up tite, apt tew start a hoop and leak all away on the sly.

Thare ain't neither ov theze 2 ways right, and they never ought tew be pattented.

Sum pholks hav got what iz kalled a hoss-laff, about haff way between a growl and a bellow, just az a hoss duz when he feels hiz oats, and don't exackly kno what ails him.

Theze pholks don't enjoy a laff enny more than the man duz hiz vittles who swallows hiz pertatoze whole.

A laff tew be nourishsome wants tew be well chewed.

There iz another kind of laff which i never did enjoy, one loud busst, and then everything iz az still az a lager beer barrel after it haz blowed up and slung 2 or 3 gallons ov beer around loose.

Thare iz another laff whitch I hav annalized; it cums out ov the mouth with a noise like a pig makes when he iz in a tite spot, one sharp squeal and two snickers, and then dies in a simper.

This kind ov laff iz larnt at femail boarding-schools, and dont mean ennything; it iz nothing more than the skin ov a laff.

Genuine laffing iz the vent of the soul, the nostrils ov the heart, and iz jist ez necessary for helth and happiness as spring water is for a trout.

Thare iz one kind ov a laff that i always did reckomend; it looks out of the eye fust with a merry twinkle, then it kleeps down on its hands and kneze and plays around the mouth like a pretty moth around the blaze ov a kandle, then it steals over into the dimples ov the cheeks and rides around in thozе little whirlpools for a while, then it lites up the whole face like the mello bloom on a damask roze, then it swims oph on the air with a peal az klear and az happy az a dinner-bell, then it goes bak agin on golden tiptoze like an angel out for an airing, and laze down on its little bed ov violets in the heart whare it cum from.

Thare iz another laff that noboddy kan withstand; it iz just az honest and noizy az a distrikt school let out tew play, it shakes a man up from hiz toze tew hiz temples, it doubles and twists him like a whiskee phit, it lifts

him oph from hiz cheer, like feathers, and lets him bak agin like melted led, it goes all thru him like a pik-pocket, and finally leaves him az weak and az krazy az tho he had bin soaking all day in a Rushing bath and forgot tew be took out.

This kind ov a laff belongs tew jolly good phellows who are az healthy az quakers, and who are az easy tew please az a gall who iz going tew be married to-morrow.

In konclushion i say laff every good chance yu kan git, but don't laff unless yu feal like it, for there ain't nothing in this world more harty than a good honest laff, nor nothing more hollow than a hartless one.

When yu do laff open yure mouth wide enuff for the noize tew git out without squealing, thro yure hed back az tho yu was going tew be shaved, hold on tew yure false hair with both hands and then laff till yure soul gets thoroly rested.

But i shall tell yu more about theze things at sum fewter time.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

[Hon. S. S. Cox, in the House of Representatives, Marcl. 19, 1860.]

Is there any American who wishes to consult European Powers as to the propriety or policy of our territorial expansion? Is there any one who fears a fatal blow from these Powers? We do not exist by the sufferance of Europe, but by its insufferance. We did not grow to our present greatness by its fostering care, but by its

neglect, and in spite of its malevolence. We do not ask its pardon for being born, nor need we apologize to it for growing. It has endeavored to prevent even the legitimate extension of our commerce, and to confine us to our own continent. But if we can buy Cuba of Spain, it is our business with Spain. If we have to take it, it is our business with Providence. If we must save Mexico, and make its weakness our strength, we have no account to render unto Europe or its dynasties.

If European Powers choose to expand their empire and energize their people, we have no protests, no arms to prevent them. England may push from India through the Himalayas to sell her calicoes to the numberless people of Asia, and divide with France the empires of India, Burmah and China. Civilization does not lose by their expansion. Russia may push her diplomacy upon Peking, and her armies through the Caucasus, and upon Persia and Tartary; she may even plant her Greek cross again on the mosque of St. Sophia, and take the Grecian Levant into her keeping as the head of its church and civilization. France may plant her forts and arts upon the shores of the Red Sea; complete the canalization of Suez; erect another Carthage on the shores of the Mediterranean; bind her natural limits from Mont Blanc, in Savoy, to Nice, upon the sea. Sardinia may become the nucleus of the Peninsula, and give to Italy a name and a nationality. Even Spain, proud and poor, may fight over again in Africa the romantic wars with the Moors, by which she educated that chivalry and adventure, which three centuries ago made her the mistress of the New World. She may demand territory of Morocco, as she has, as indem-

nity for the war. America has no inquiry to make, no protocol to sign. These are the movements of an active age. They indicate health, not disease—growth, not decay. They are links in the endless chain of Providence. They prove the mutability of the most imperial of human institutions, but, to the philosophic observer, they move by a law as fixed as that which makes the decay of autumn the herald of spring. They obey the same law by which the constellations change their places in the sky. Astronomers tell us that the “southern cross,” which guarded the adventurer upon the Spanish main four centuries ago, and which now can be seen, the most beautiful emblem of our salvation, shining down through a Cuban and Mexican night,—just before the Christian era, glittered in our northern heavens! The same GREAT WILL, which knows no North and no South, and which is sending again, by an irreversible law, the southern cross to our northern skies, on its everlasting cycle of emigration—does it not control the revolutions of nations, and the vicissitudes of empires? The very stars in their courses are “Knights of the Golden Circle,” and illustrate the record of human advancement. They are the type of that territorial expansion from which this American continent can not be exempted without annihilation. The finger of Providence points to our nation as the guiding star of this progress. Let him who would either dusk its radiancy, or make it the meteor of a moment, cast again with nicer heed our nation’s horoscope.

HOW A MARRIED MAN SEWS ON A BUTTON.

FROM "THE DANBURY NEWS."

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot on the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth easy enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but, in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he has left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another

attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping, by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans and sobs. After awhile he calms down and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

A LECTURE.

ARTEMUS WARD.

You are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture-shop.

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons—and Utah—and the Plains—and the Rocky Mountains—without opening a picture-shop—and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.—I'd rather live in Margate—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

If you should be dissatisfied with anything here to-night—I will admit you all free in New Zealand—if you will come to me there for the orders. Any respectable cannibal will tell you where I live. This shows that I have a forgiving spirit.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an Artist. I don't paint myself—though perhaps if I were a middle-aged single lady I should—yet I have a passion for pictures.—I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge.—The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You

may possibly have noticed that Time passes on.—It is a kind of way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with Art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State, I mean—a distinguished sculptist wanted to sculpt me. But I said "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts—and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one of course—and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand—and I should have to return to America—where my creditors are.

I like Art. I admire dramatic Art—although I failed as an actor.

It was in my schoolboy days that I failed as an actor.—The play was "The Ruins of Pompeii."—I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask—"Where are the boys of my youth?"—I assure you this is not a conundrum.—Some are amongst you here—some in America—some in jail.

Hence arises a most touching question—"Where are

the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

O my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am.—Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow £200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the £200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened—shook my hand—and said—"Old friend—I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely—and I said to myself—the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage—as you know—from New York to Melbourne—and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him—I thought so!—I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef—mutton—pork—he swallowed them all like a shark—and between meals he was often discovered behind



URSUS AND LITTLE AULUS.

barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that when we reached Melbourne this infamous skeleton weighed 64 pounds more than I did!

I thought I was ruined—but I wasn't. I took him on to California—another very long sea voyage—and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as a Fat Man.

This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know—but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

FROM "THE QUAIL."

(By IVAN SERGIEEVITCH TURGENEFF; translated by ISABEL F. HAPGOOD; from *The Independent*.)

Once on a time, father and I set out on a hunting expedition, just before St. Peter's Day. At that season the young partridges are still small. Father did not wish to shoot them, and so went among the small oak-shrubs, by the side of a rye-field, where quails were always to be found. It was hard to mow there—the grass had stood undisturbed for a long while. Such a quantity of flowers grew there—vetches and clover and blue-bells, forget-me-nots and wild pinks. When I went thither with my sisters or the maid, I always plucked whole armfuls of them; but when I went with father I plucked no flowers; I considered that occupation as beneath the dignity of a sportsman.

All at once Treasure made a point; my father shouted:

"Fetch it!" and from beneath Treasure's very nose a quail leaped up and flew away. But she flew very oddly; she turned somersaults, twisted in a circle, and fell on the ground, exactly as though she were wounded, or as though her wing was broken. Treasure rushed after her at the full speed of his legs; he never did this when the bird flew as it should. Father could not even shoot, because he was afraid that he should hit the dog with the small shot. And, suddenly, I see that Treasure has overtaken her, and—slap! he has caught the quail, has brought it and given it to my father. My father took it and laid it in his palm, with its belly up. I ran to him.

"What is it?" I say. "Was she wounded?"

"No," replies my father; "she was not wounded; but she must have a nest of young ones near by, and she pretended to be wounded on purpose, so that the dog would think that he could catch her easily."

"What did she do that for?" I asked.

"In order to lead the dog away from her little ones. Afterward she would have flown well. Only, on this occasion, she miscalculated. She pretended too well, and Treasure caught her."

"So she is not wounded?" I inquired again.

"No; but she will not live. Treasure must have crushed her with his teeth."

I approached nearer the quail. She lay motionless in my father's hand, with her little head hanging, and looking sideways at me with her little brown eyes. And, all at once, I felt so sorry for her! It seemed to me that she was gazing at me and thinking: "Why must I die? For what reason? Surely, I have done my duty; I have

tried to save my little ones, to lead the dog as far away as possible—and I am lost! Poor I! Poor creature! This is unjust!—unjust!”

“Papa!” said I, “perhaps she will not die,” and I tried to stroke the quail on the head. But my father said to me: “No; look here; she has just stretched out her legs, she is quivering all over, and her eyes are closing.”

And so it was. As soon as she closed her eyes, I burst out crying.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked my father, and began to laugh.

“I am sorry for her,” said I. “She did her duty—and she got killed. That is unjust.”

“She tried to be cunning,” replied my father. “Only Treasure was more cunning than she was.”

“Wicked Treasure,” I said to myself; and even my father did not seem good to me on this occasion. What cunning was there about it? It was love for her little children, and not cunning. If she had been commanded to use craft to save her children—then Treasure ought not to have caught her.

My father was on the point of thrusting the quail into his game-bag, but I begged her from him, laid her carefully in both my palms, and breathed upon her—to see whether she would not recover. But she did not stir.

“It is useless, my dear fellow,” said father, “you can’t bring her back to life.”

I lifted her carefully by the beak; but as soon as I removed my hand, her head fell again.

“Are you still sorry for her?” asked my father.

"And who will feed her little ones?" I inquired, in my turn.

My father gazed intently at me. "Don't trouble yourself about that," said he; "the male quail, their father, will feed them. And stand still," he added. "Treasure seems to be making another point. Can it be the nest? And the nest it is."

And sure enough, in the grass, a couple of paces from Treasure's muzzle, lay four tiny birds in a row; they were huddling close to each other, and stretching out their little necks, and all were breathing so rapidly and simultaneously that it seemed as though they were trembling. And they had already got their feathers—there was no down on them—only their little tails were still very short.

"Papa! Papa!" I cried, at the top of my voice; "call off Treasure, or he will kill them too."

My father called to Treasure, and, retiring a little to one side, he sat down to eat his lunch, under a bush. But I remained beside the nest, and did not want to eat any lunch. I took out my clean handkerchief and laid the quail on it.

"Look here, orphans, here is your mother! She sacrificed herself for you!"

The little birds breathed rapidly, as before, with the whole of their bodies. Then I went to my father.

"Will you give me this quail?" I asked him.

"If you like. But what do you want to do with it?"

"I want to bury it."

"Bury it?"

"Yes; beside her little nest. Give me your knife. I will dig her a grave."

My father was amazed.

"So that her little ones can visit the grave?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "but because—I want to. It will be so nice for her to lie there beside her nest!"

My father did not say a word. He took out his knife and gave it to me. I immediately excavated a little hollow; then I kissed the quail on her breast, and laid her in the hole, and covered her with earth. Then, with the same knife, I cut two small branches, stripped the bark from them, placed them in the form of a cross, bound them together with a blade of grass, and stuck them upright in the grave.

My father and I soon moved on; but I kept looking back. The cross was whitish and visible at a distance.

And that night I had a dream. I seemed to be in Heaven; and what then? On a small cloud sits my dear little quail, only now she is all white, like that little cross! And around her head is a small gold halo; and it seems that it has been given to her to reward her for her sufferings for the sake of her children.

Five days later, my father and I returned again to the same spot. I found the grave and the cross, which had turned yellow, but had not fallen. Only the little nest was empty, there was no trace of the birds. My father assured me that the old bird, their father, had taken them away; and when an old quail flew out from under the bushes a few paces away, my father did not try to shoot him. And I said to myself: "Yes, papa is good!"

But this is the remarkable point about it: from that

day forth my passion for hunting disappeared, and I never even thought of the time when my father would give me a gun. Nevertheless, when I grew up, I did begin to shoot also, but I never became a genuine sportsman. And that is what weaned me from it.

THE BABIES.

S. L. CLEMENS.

(Speech of Mark Twain at the banquet given in honor of General Grant, by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, Chicago, November 14, 1879.)

TOAST :

"The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."

I like that. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if *he* didn't amount to anything! If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute,—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that*when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire com-

mand. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction—and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No,—you got up and got it. If he ordered his bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you,—you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right,—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccups. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along; sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but “too thin,”—simply wind on the stomach, my friends!

If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2:30 in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark—with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself! Oh, you were under good discipline! and you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rockaby baby in a tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too,—for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up for two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise,—“Go on!”—what did you do? You simply *went* on, till you disappeared in the last ditch.

The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, *one* baby is just a house and a front-yard full by itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby;—as long as you are in your mind don't you ever pray for twins.

Yes, it was high time for a toast-master to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop. Fifty years hence we shall all be dead, I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive,—and let us hope it may—will be floating over a republic num-

bering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase; our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern—and the cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment *teething*—think of it!—and putting in a world of dead-earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too; in another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless he will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended; in another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time; and in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth,—an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening turned *his* whole attention to some fifty-six years ago. And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

JOSH BILLINGS ON "MANIFEST DESTINY."

Manifest destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me, and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back. Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin az the condishun that man and things find themselves in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i hav got tew sa iz, i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thare, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off his neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about 10 seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not gitting az near tew the train az you waz when yu started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for

a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifest destiny ov moste tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifest destiny until yu see it. Thare iz such a thing az manifest destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequence only for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it was a locomotiff machine, and manifest destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings, or git knocked higher then the price ov gold. Manifest destiny is a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i hav seen it in its wust stages cured by sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. I thought i had it onse, it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a specimen of the disseaze tew a magazine, the magazine man wrote me nex day az follers,

"*Dear Sur:* Yu may be a phule, but yu are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

THE SERENADE.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Things in our town is workin. The canal boat Lucy Ann called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The Lucy Ann has adopted a new style of Binnakle light, in the shape of a red-headed girl, who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand

in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphia to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortin. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it."

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin. I asked the Brass Band how mutch they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They sed they'd overwhelm me with a unexpected honour for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromptoo speech severil days before-hand bein very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin particler attention to the punktooation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort; but alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchin speakin my piece over so as to be entirely perfect. My bloomin young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me summut by singin, "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let 'em fade!"

"Betsy," said I, pausin in the middle of the room and lettin my eagle eye wander from the manuscrip—"Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white hankercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin hot water, and somebody

will be scalded. One bald-headed old fool will get his share."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin.

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "Ward! Ward!" I stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:—

"Feller Citizens,—For this onexpected honor—"

Leader of the Band.—"Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?"

To this painful and disgustin interruption I paid no attention.

"—for this onexpected honor, I thank you."

Leader of the Band.—"But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons."

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows:—

"I say, I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells—"

Dr. Schwazey.—"So do I!"

A voice.—"We all do!"

"—my heart swells—"

A voice.—"Three cheers for the swells."

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!"

Dr. Schwazey.—"I'm willin for one to go on in a glorious career. Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?"

"Dr. Schwazey," said I sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin the meetin."

Dr. S.—"Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossyross on the half shell, or a hip-popotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account."

At this point the Band begun to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and an exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if ther wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectable company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

They seize in the tyrant of Syracuse's halls a youth with a dagger in's vest: he is bound by the tyrant's behest: the tyrant beholds him—rage blanches his cheek: "Why hidest yon dagger, conspirator, speak!—" "To pierce to the heart such as thou!"—"Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even now!"—"It is well," spake the youth; "I am harnessed for death, and I sue not thy sternness to spare; yet would I be granted one prayer:—three days would I ask, till my sister be wed: as a hostage, I leave thee my friend in my stead; if I be found false to my truth, nail *him* to thy cross without respite or ruth!"—Then smiled with a dark exultation the king, and he spake, after brief meditation: "I grant three days' preparation; but see thou outstay not the term I allow, else by the high thrones of Olympus I vow that if *thou* shalt go scathless and free, the best blood of thy friend shall be forfeit for thee!"

And Pythias to his friend—"I am doomed to atone for my daring emprise, by death in its shamefulest guise; but the monarch three days ere I perish allows, till I give a loved sister away to her spouse; thou, therefore, my hostage must be, till I come the third day, and again set thee free." And Damon in silence embraces his friend, and he gives himself up to the despot; while Pythias makes use of his respite:—and ere the third morning in orient is burning, behold the devoted already returning to save his friend ere it be later, by dying himself the vile death of a traitor!

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthward in floods, upswelling the deluging fountains; strong torrents rush down from the mountains, and lo! as he reaches the deep river's border the bridgeworks give way in terrific disorder; and the waves, with a roaring like thunder, sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches and under. To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders;—in vain he looks out through the offing—the fiends of the tempest are scoffing his outcries for aid;—from the opposite strand no pinnace puts off to convey him to land; and, made mad by the stormy commotion, the river-waves foam like the surges of ocean. Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms to Jupiter, Strength-and-Help-giver—"O, stem the fierce force of this river! The hours are advancing—noon wanes—in the west soon Apollo will sink—and my zeal and my best aspirations and hopes will be baffled—and Damon, my Damon, will die on the scaffold!"

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not; on, billow o'er billow comes hasting; day, minute by minute, is wasting—and, daring the worst that the desperate dare, he casts himself in with a noble despair, and he buffets the tyrannous waves; and Jupiter pities the struggler—and saves. The hours will not linger; his speed is redoubled—"Forth, faithfulest! bravest, exert thee! The gods cannot surely desert thee!" Alas, as Hope springs in his bosom renewed, a band of barbarians rush out of the wood, and they block up a wanderer's path, and they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath. "What will ye?" he cries; "I have nought but my life, and that must be yielded ere night: force me



AULUS PLAUTIUS AND LYGIA.



not to defend it by fight!" But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band: so he wrests the huge club from one savage's hand, and he fells the first four at his feet; and the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm-burst is over—low glows the red sun, making earth and air fainter and hotter; the knees of the fugitive totter—"Alas!" he cries, "have I then breasted the flood, have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood, but to perish from languor and pain; while my hostage, my friend, is my victim in vain?" When, hark, a cool sound, as of murmuring water! he hears it—it bubbles—it gushes; hark! louder and louder it rushes! he turns him, he searches, and lo! a pure stream ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam of the sun ere he fierily sinks; and the wanderer bathes his hot limbs and he drinks.

The sun looks his last!—On the oft-trodden pathway hies homeward the weariful reaper; the shadows of evening grow deeper, when pressing and hurrying anxiously on, two strangers pass Pythias—and list! he hears one to the other exclaiming, "O shame on the wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon!" Then Horror lends wings to his faltering feet, and he dashes in agony onward; and soon a few roofs, looking sunward, gleam faintly where Syracuse' suburbs extend; and the good Philodemus, his freedman and friend, now comes forward in tears to his master, who gathers despair from the face of disaster. "Back, Master! Preserve thine own life at the least! *His*, I fear me, thou canst not redeem, for the last rays of eventide beam. O! though

hour after hour traveled on to its goal, he expected thy coming with confident soul; and, though mocked by the king as forsaken, his trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken!" "Eternal Avenger! and is it too late?" cried the youth with a passionate fervor; "and dare not I be his preserver? Then Death shall unite whom not Hell shall divide!—we will die, he and I, on the road, side by side; and the bloody Destroyer shall find that there *be* souls whom friendship and honor can bind!"

And on, on, unresting, he bounds like a roe—see! they lay the long cross on the ground! See! the multitude gather all round! See! already they hurry their victim along! When, with giant-like strength, a man bursts through the throng, and—"Oh, stay, stay your hands!" is his cry;—"I am come—I am here—I am ready to die!" And astonishment masters the crowd at the sight, while the friends in the arms of each other weep tears that they struggle to smother. Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring the strange tidings at length to the ears of the king, and a human emotion steals o'er him. And, admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks:—"You have conquered, O marvelous pair, by a friendship as glorious as rare! You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast! go in peace!—you are free! But accord one request to my earnest entreaties and wishes—accept a *third* friend in your king, Dionysius."

—J. C. Mangan.

TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

LYMAN BEECHER.

The amount of suffering and mortality inseparable from the commerce in ardent spirits renders it an unlawful article of trade.

The wickedness is proverbial of those who in ancient days caused their children to pass through the fire unto Moloch. But how many thousands of children are there in our land who endure daily privations and sufferings which render life a burden, and would have made the momentary pang of infant sacrifice a blessing! Theirs is a lingering, living death. There never was a Moloch to whom were immolated yearly as many children as are immolated, or kept in a state of constant suffering, in this land of nominal Christianity. We have no drums and gongs to drown their cries, neither do we make convocations, and bring them all out for one mighty burning. The fires which consume them are slow fires, and they blaze balefully in every part of our land, throughout which the cries of injured children and orphans go up to Heaven. Could all these woes, the product of intemperance, be brought out into one place, and the monster who inflicts the sufferings be seen personified, the nation would be furious with indignation. Humanity, conscience, religion, all would conspire to stop a work of such malignity.

We are appalled and shocked at the accounts from the East, of widows burned upon the funeral-piles of their departed husbands. But what if those devotees of su-

perstition, the Bramins, had discovered a mode of prolonging the lives of their victims for years amid the flames, and by these protracted burnings were accustomed to torture life away? We might almost rouse up a crusade to cross the deep, to stop by force such inhumanity. But alas! we should leave behind us, on our own shores, more wives in the fire than we should find of widows thus sacrificed in all the East; a fire, too, which, besides its action upon the body, tortures the soul by lost affections, and ruined hopes, and prospective wretchedness.

Every year thousands of families are robbed of fathers, brothers, husbands, friends. Every year widows and orphans are multiplied, and gray hairs are brought with sorrow to the grave. No disease makes such inroads upon families, blasts so many hopes, destroys so many lives, and causes so many mourners to go about the streets, because man goeth to his long home.

Can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes—which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair?

Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance, come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to traffic in ardent spirits. If, in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back,—who would build such a house?—and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of

the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard, day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls; and by preternatural art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building,—who would rear such a building? What if at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane,—following the track of the ship engaged in commerce,—walking upon the waves,—flitting athwart the deck,—sitting upon the rigging,—and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings? Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering-gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath, the wailings of the lost, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither,—these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it,—as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall,—as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted

about the ship as she passed o'er the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailing of despair to come up from beneath.

MAN'S CONNECTION WITH THE INFINITE.

RUSKIN.

That is to every thing created pre-eminently useful, which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of man himself.

Man's use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and reluctant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfill this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, what sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are, in a secondary and mean sense, useful, or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

And yet people speak in this working age, when they

speaking from their hearts, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment were alone useful; and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body; who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers as husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew and the water they draw are better than the pine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like his eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the preacher that, though God "hath made everything beautiful in his time, also he hath set the world in their hearts, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."

This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the endurance, the fortitude; out of the deliverance, the faith; but now when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice and regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of

suffering, worse evils seem rising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also, a fear greater than the sword and sedition: that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water is sure; that gratitude to him may cease, because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; that innovation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp.

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this

devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them, paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses

God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villainies; the father of crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

—*Robt. G. Ingersoll.*

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Our enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dragon worshiped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly,

and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison: "Here is such a dungeon, in which such a one was confined;" "Here, among the ruins of an old castle, we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. "There is a monument to such a one; there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying, "crucify them! crucify them!" and danced around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes, and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. O, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumph of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York, in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall taken place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days; it was in advance of the

public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted; they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-an-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with “Love, truth, sympathy and good-will to men.” Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again

to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the coping-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it, and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night.

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D.

Life, death, eternity—how vast, how deep, how solemn these three words, so familiar to us all! Who can measure, who can fathom their meaning? In the midst of life we are surrounded by death, and confronted by eternity with its boundless prospects of weal and woe. **Life**

on earth ends in death, and death is but the dark door to another life which has no end.

Astronomy cannot tell whether this visible universe has boundaries or not, and what lies beyond. Theology cannot determine the locality of that invisible universe from which no traveler returns, nor the direction and length of that lonely passage which carries the disembodied spirit from its present to its future abode. But this we do know, and it is enough for our comfort, that in our Father's house are many mansions, and that our Savior has prepared a place for all his disciples. There is an abundance of room for all even within the limits of this universe, and for aught we know, the spirit world may be very near and around about us. There are exalted moments in our life when we see the heavens open and the angels of God descending and ascending. Life is a mystery, a glorious mystery with a heaven beyond, but a terrible mystery with annihilation or endless punishment in prospect.

The immortality of the soul is a universal instinct and desire of the human race. Like the idea of God, it is implanted in our intellectual and moral constitution. We cannot think backward without reaching an ultimate cause which has no beginning; we cannot think forward without arriving at a result which has no ending. God and eternity precede time and succeed time, and time itself is filled with both. We cannot conceive that a wise Creator should make man in his own image and endow him with the highest faculties without ordaining him for endless existence. He cannot intend the head of His creatures, the masterpiece of His hand to perish like the

brute. He cannot allow virtue to suffer and iniquity to flourish without some future adjustment which will give to every one his due, and restore the harmony of character and condition.

It seems impossible that a rational being filled with infinite longings and capable of endless progress should be suddenly cut off in the beginning of its career, "like the empty fabric of a vision leaving no wreck behind." It seems impossible that the mind, which proves its independence of the body and matures in strength while the body declines, should be dissolved with its material tent. No husband can close the eyes of a beloved wife, no parent can commit a child to the cold grave, no friend can bid farewell to a bosom friend without the ardent wish for the recovery of the loss and a meeting again in a better world, where tears of parting are unknown. Every consideration of God's goodness, love, and justice; of man's capacities, desires, and hopes; and of surrounding nature, with its perennial renovations of seasons and transformation of death itself into new forms of life, forces upon us the belief in the immortality of the human soul.

But after all, philosophy and science can lead us only to the probability of immortality, and there is a vast step from probability to certainty. The starry heavens above and the moral law within may well have filled the great philosopher of the last century with ever growing reverence and awe; but beyond the starry heavens and behind the moral law lie the sublimer regions of faith, which fill us with deeper reverence, and which alone can give us solid comfort in life and in death.

THE WRONG ROAD.

H. W. ADAMS.

"Good-by, mother; don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. I shall come back in my carriage some day, and see you all again."

This was Charley Mason's self-confident farewell to his mother, as he left his native town and took the stage for the nearest railroad station, bound for the great metropolis.

New York was not much like the quiet farming town where he had lived. The city, with its ten thousand sights and sounds, stirred his soul. To see with his own eyes the wonderful things of which his fellow clerks told, did not accord with his conscience or his promises to the dear folks at home. But they were "slow," and "behind the age." "There can be no harm in going just once to the theater; lots of church members go there." So over the sins of worldly church members, Charley stumbled.

Hamlet was played that night. The glare of a thousand gas-lights; the gorgeous scenery; the gaily-dressed, bright-faced men and women; the royal attire of the actors; the splendid tragedy, which seemed so real; the absence of anything coarse or vulgar, captivated our hero. He saw at once that all the stories about the demoralizing tendencies of the theater were grandmas' fables, told by people who knew nothing about it.

George Peterson was a grand, whole-souled fellow, a salesman in the store where Charley was employed. He

had paid for the evening's entertainment, and now they were on the way home.

"Let's look in here a moment, Charley."

There was a sudden twinge of conscience, for the brilliantly-lighted room was a billiard hall, and Charley had never put his foot inside of such a door in his life.

"All right, George, we will just look in a moment."

All eyes were centered on a match game by two of the renowned players of the metropolis. It was hotly contested. The men were equally skillful, and had kept together, almost point for point, throughout the game. The leader's hand trembled a little as he put himself in position for the last stroke. He missed, and his opponent soon won the game, amid the plaudits of his friends.

Charley was more than interested; he was intensely excited by the game, and by his first taste of gay city life. Near the door where they entered was a bar, grand with gilded decanters, marble, and plate glass. The polite bartender handed down a decanter, as they were about to pass out.

"Let's have a glass, just one, Charley!"

But Charley stood irresolute. Visions of home, and mother, and sisters, flashed before him. He dared not drink, and under the pressure of the night's glare and whirl, he dared not refuse.

In the afternoon he would have repelled the temptation, but twice already that night he had been tempted and yielded, and the lesser temptations were the thin end of the wedge which opened up the way for the greater.

"Don't be squeamish—you can take care of yourself, and so can I."

"Well, just a glass, then."

"The wine when it is red," how it sparkled; *but who can picture the woe that slept in the depths of the first glass!*

Two years further on. You would hardly know our innocent farmer lad in the fast young man who faces us and tips, with maudlin leer, his glass to an older comrade. Cigars, cards, and drugged brandy, with the prostrate form of his partner on the floor, tell of "a high old time," and rapid transit on the devil's road to ruin and death. And there is that which we dare not picture. There are scenes which we will not describe, and associates that we may not name, that are wasting his substance and consuming his precious life.

Only twenty-five, and you would think him fifty. Exhausted, shattered, wrecked; disgusted with the cup of pleasure, which at the first was so sweet, and now is as bitter as gall. He wakes from a troubled sleep, after a debauch, to find that the deadly mania of the cup is upon him. Snakes writhe and twist themselves about his shivering form; spiders and toads crawl over him, terrible fancies and forebodings rack his soul. How he pleads with God to save him, and yet he knows that Satan has him bound hand and foot. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The end is not far off, but who can write it? Diseased, debauched, his nerves unstrung, his constitution broken, his bones rotted, his eyes bleared, horror and darkness settling about him, he sinks in the dire struggle, and his

sun goes down at noon! Strangers look coldly on him in the dying hour, and rude, unfriendly hands convey him to the Potter's Field. Ah! how many such graves there are! and no man that lives *dare* go to the old home where childhood's sunny hours were spent, and tell the whole honest truth about what carried the wandering boy to his grave. No man dares to break that mother's heart with the terrible narration of the sin, and vice, and ruin which the destroyer has wrought.

But in after years she comes, a worn and wearied pilgrim, gray-haired, with furrows on her care-worn face, and by that neglected grave, where thorns and briars twine and tangle themselves above the sleeping dust, that mother kneels and cries out in the bitterness of her soul, "My son! my son! would to God that I had died for thee!"

ELI PERKINS' BOOK AGENT.

A Philadelphia book agent importuned James Watson, a rich and close New York man, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her and went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning.

When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night, Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and——"

"But, husband, we can——"

"No, we can't either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I——"

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots and——"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch him now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "all aboard!"

"Book agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on the train. "Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the

seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants," I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens, "just got it and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs,' and——"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

—*Eli Perkins.*

THE CHAMPION SNORER.

ROBERT BURDETTE.

It was the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept. Or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women, peacefully and sweetly and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiend-

ishly, as though it was their misison to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in,—with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of these tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned and everybody was in bed. Oh, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gu-r-r-rt!"

that opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn

"Gwa-a-h-h-hah!"

that sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on in long drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities,

"Gwa-a-a-h! Gwa-a-a-a-h! Gahwayway! Gahwaywah! Gahwa-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder-storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

which sounded as though his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death—nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurroch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious

"Kowpff!"

that nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear him. It seemed an utter, preposterous impossibility that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with his breathing machine that the fellow in "lower three" was making with his. He then ran through all the ranges of the usual gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night and all the day through he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gawaw-wah! gawah-hah! gwock! gwart! gwah-h-h-h woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made the sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great heavens!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunter's fawn.

MY MULE RIDE.

The boys insisted that I needed relaxation. My health required it. I had a pretty fair article of health, I thought; enough to last me as long as I lived. But I must accumulate a stock for future use. The South was the place to get it. And riding was health. The sand is too deep to ride, except on horseback, so I thought I would take a ride. I applied to the livery man for a horse. He had one. He looked sorrowfully at me, as though he pitied me. Did I ever ride a mule? I never had. He had as good riding horses as were ever saddled, but if I wanted a "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," style of a ride, I would take a mule. I don't consider myself a first-class judge of mules. I had some vague notions in regard to them; I supposed they would do a

large amount of work with very little feed, and were immortal. I had read of one being driven over the same route by the same boy for eight years, and he was a young mule yet.

Bring forth the mule. The mule was brought. He was a meek-looking mule—a perfect “Uriah Heep” of a mule, so far as “’umbleness” was concerned. At least that was the view I took of him. He was saddled, and I mounted. For a mile or two he paced beautifully. I thought those old monks I had read about knew what they were doing when they traveled on mules. I had a high respect for their judgment. Just then my mule began to show symptoms—symptoms of what I did not know. I found out. Dropping his head between his legs, his heels described a parabolic curve in the air, and I got off and sat on the ground. I got over his head, and did it quick. I am not so old but I can get off an animal of that kind as quick as a boy. Then I looked at the mule to see if he was hurt. He didn’t appear to be. Then I inquired around to see how I was. I reported an abrasion on the left hip, and a contusion on the lower end of my back. Then I thought I would pronounce a left-handed blessing on that mule, on forefathers and foremothers before him, and on children after him. But I didn’t. I wondered if he would stand fire. If I had had a pistol, I would have put the muzzle to his ear and tried him. Not that I was hostile toward him, but I was afraid somebody might take a ride on him some day and get hurt. But I had no pistol, so that benevolent sanguinary idea was frustrated. Then I got up and shook the dust off my feet, and brushed the sand off my trous-

ers, as a testimony against that place. Then I led the mule carefully home, and stated my case to the livery man. But when I looked that he should offer to send for a doctor or a Samaritan to do me up in a rag, and pour olive oil and champagne on my bruises, he only laughed. And his man that he had to help him laid down on a bench and laughed—then rolled off the bench and laughed. It was ridiculous. But I've learned a little wisdom. Next time I ride on horseback it will be a different kind of beast from a mule.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

If I stood here to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that

Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army until he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishmen showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to this negro. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them, imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, this man at least was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica which,

with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stopped there. Not one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of State than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius.

He was a negro. You say that is superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. And yet—negro, and a slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: “Make it the first line of my constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs.” Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert

Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right;—and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc (the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline) thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by a special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshalled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile, only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe,—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;"—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes; give Holland back to the ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When the Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshalled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them.

There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, sometime or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his

way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

SHAKE UND AGERS.

A dutchman's first experience with the ague, told at an Old Settlers meeting, in the American Bottoms, at about the time that interesting country was visited by Charles Dickens.

Mine frients, it was a pooty schmart feller vat always knows sometimes vat de matter midt him is. Uf you doan't bleef dot, shoost holdt your ears vonct, und I vil help you see it vas true.

Dirty-nine years ago I came me mit mine vamily to dees coountry. I vas at dose times sthronger as a mool, und I dought I vas as schmaridt as a Yankee; but I soon seet dot de sooner a man lifs de more he findts, by jiminy oudt—mine frients, I don't scharge you noddings for dose discovery.

Vell, I vork me hardt midt chopping und grubbing und plowing from the morning until in de night dimes late; und pooty soon I get my house de bush out, so dot I could see my neighbor Zhonson's on de prairie oudt.

Von day in de fall I feel me so tired like I vas getting lazy, like dem American fellers. Den I vent to de house und drink vater like I vas a fish. Bimeby, I feel so creepy und stretchy oop my back like as all de boogs und insects und flies in Egypt vas emigrating two vays at vonct, from my neck to de heels of my feet; und my legs got so limber und so veak I wouldn't sthandt up to see my grandfadder. Den I feel like somebody vas a blowin' more as a hoondred vindmills all ofer me in de middle uf my back; und I stredtch, und I stredtch me all around de house.

Pooty soon qvick, I shiver und shake und tremble—b-b-b-b-br-br-h-h—; and my teeth rattle till I tink my head und fingers shake my arms off my neck; und Katrina, dot vas my frau, she dinks I het a fit. She screamt her mout oudt; und, at de last, she trowdt a booket of vater all uffer me at vonst. Ach! jiminy gracious! I dought I vas in two ice-boxes, und Lieutenant Greeley wos poundin' me mit de Nördt Pole. Den I shook me more as before—b-b-b-b-b-br-br-br-br-r-r-r-r-r-h-h-h; und de dishes fall de cupboard oudt on de floor down; und my vife she says, “Zhake, uf

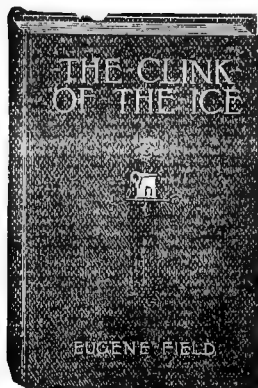
you doans stop dot schivereer, you knock dem shingles de roof off."

Den I got so cold I poot me de bed in, und rattle my teeth und my toes till I shake dem clothes de bed off; und Katrina she pile dem feaders und schuck beds so high as her hedt, und she climbs de top oop, and calls my hired man Philip to help holdt me schtill und I bleef she vould have bringdt de whole neighborhood uf she could call 'em in, so help me gracious.

At de last I sthoped schaking, und pooty soon I got so varm I trowdt dem peoples de bed off, und calldt for vater—vater, till I tink I drink de vell oop. Bimeby, neighbor Zhonson he comes along, und my vife vas so schared she tell him I vas going to burn oop, and dey didn't haf vater enough to put me oudt. Dey tell him all aboutt dot North Pole expedition und dot Niagara vater-booket falls excursion; und he set himself on de floor down und laughed like he vouldt split his collar bandt. Den he said to me, "You green Dutchman, you hadt dem schake und agers und didnt know it already yet."

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

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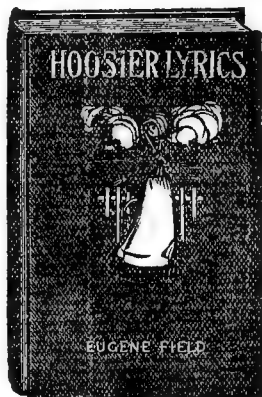
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